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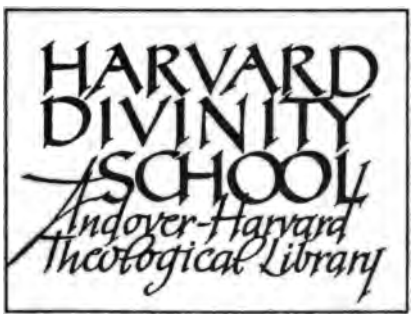
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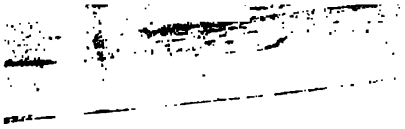
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HYMN BOOK

OF THE

METHODIST PROTESTANT

CHURCH.

Compiled by authority of the Convention of 1856.

EIGHTH EDITION.

SPRINGFIELD, O.:
METHODIST PROTESTANT PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1864.

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1863

Entered according to Act of Congress, in th year one thousand eight hundred and sixty, by the

BOARD OF TRUST,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of Ohio.

E. MORGAN & SONS,
Stereotypers, Printers & Binders.
111 Main St., CIN., O.

PREFACE.

In compliance with the order of the Convention of 1858, the present Hymn Book has been compiled, and is now submitted to the Board of Trust for publication, for the use of the churches embraced in our fellowship. Circumstances over which the compiler could have no control, caused a deeply-regretted delay in the compilation. It is also regretted that the brethren—Revs. Joel Dalbey, S. W. Widney, A. H. Bassett and J. M. Mayall—appointed by the Convention to assist, could not, from remoteness of residence (except Brother Bassett), be present, to render any help in this important labor of love. All of them, by letter, confided the whole work to the undersigned, who has now performed the duty assigned him, to the best of his ability. The plan of the old hymn book has been followed, to a considerable extent, and a large proportion of the hymns of that work retained. Of the changes made in the plan, and the hymns from other sources, incorporated into this book, it is deemed unnecessary to say anything here; the religious public must judge of all such matters. It is hereby gratefully acknowledged by the compiler that he had a glorious field of sacred poetry from which to select. The hymn books of most of



leading denominations of our country were before him, and some from Europe. And if the piety of the Churches may be judged of by their hymns, then the conclusion is, that there is now, either enjoyed or aimed at, in the Churches, a very high degree of Christian purity and happiness. The compiler, in drawing his sluggish soul through such a vast amount of heavenly poetry, often felt the holy fire burn, and would have sung, but could not—age having laid an embargo on his vocal organs. But in the heavenly country above, he hopes, with new immortal powers, to sing with saints and angels forever. With a heart full of prayer to God, in the opening of the past winter, this work was commenced; it was carried on with prayer to its completion; and now it is sent forth to the Churches, with ardent desires and fervent prayers, that through the Divine favor, this book may be cordially received, and prove a great blessing to the Christian community, for whose use it is intended.

GEO. BROWN.

BRADDOCK'S FIELD, PA., March 14, 1860.

In receipt of this compilation the Board are happy, now, to respond to the many solicitations which have, especially of late, pressed upon us. *The work was put to plate* at once by us, under th

conviction that dispatch on our part was more commendable than any attempt at a thorough examination of a labor that had passed from hands so highly competent.

Our editor—Rev. A. H. Bassett—who assisted the venerable Dr. Brown in preparing the work for the press, has also attended to the proof, in addition to his other laborious duties, and has done it work with the most commendable dispatch. It is believed that but few errors will be found; but should any of importance appear, we must plead, in extenuation of fault, the hurry in which the entire work was done.

We now submit the new Hymn-Book ordered by the Convention; and although, from some events not necessary to be here detailed, the work was prepared with less complicity of labor than was designed, we trust it will prove universally acceptable, and, with the blessing of God, be serviceable to our Church and people.

A. H. TRUMBO,
J. KOST,
WM. STEELE,
} Board of Trust.

SPRINGFIELD, O., May 10, 1860.

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HYMNS.

I. GOD IN NATURE.

1 L. M. ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move *round the dark* terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?



THODIST PROTESTANT

CHURCH.

---

ed by authority of the Convention

Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of nature's heart.

4 While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

5 C. M. WATTS.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee all thy creatures sing;
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace ring.

2 Thy hand—how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Almighty power, and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

5 But still, the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And we adore his love.

GOD IN NATURE.

5 L. M. STEB

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and sk
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;—
Bow down before him—and adore.

7 C. M. LUTH. COL

HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise,
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine:
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage!
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

6 And while in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see;
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee!

WATTS.

8

C. M.

1 WE sing th' almighty pow'r of God
Who bade the mountains rise,
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 We sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,
Who fills the earth with food;
Who form'd his creatures by a word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er we turn our eyes:
Whether we view the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies!

5 There's not a plant nor flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 On him each moment we depend;
If he withdraw, we die;
Oh may we ne'er that God offend,
Who is forever nigh!



GOD IN NATURE.

S. M. LUTH. COLL.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing!
Jehovah is the mighty God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord.
We are his works and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God!

10 L. M. WATTS.

NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known,
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3 O! may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs;
Let there *be sung*, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

Attempts in vain to reach thy name:
The highest notes that angels raise,
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

11 C. M. EPIS. COLL.

GREAT first of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame!
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'Twas instantly obeyed;
And through thy goodness all things stand
Which by thy power were made.

3 Lord! for thy glory shine the whole;
They all reflect thy light:
For this in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.

4 For this the earth its produce yields,
For this the waters flow;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.

5 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end,
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thy glory tend.

12 L. M. LUTH. COLL.

YE sons of men, in sacred lays,
Attempt the great Creator's praise;
But who an equal song can frame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

4 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Let us his high perfections sing:
O let his praise employ our tongue,
Whilst list'ning worlds applaud the song.

13 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

THE God of nature and of grace,
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, thy fame
With rising luster shines.

3 Millions before thy presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fullness of joy, at thy right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

14 7s. MONTGOMERY.

HERALDS of creation, cry,
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high;
Heaven and earth, obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light;



He commanded—nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and moon, your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.

4 Earth, from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapor, wind and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.

5 Vales and mountains, burst in song;
Rivers, roll with praise along;
Clap your hands, ye trees, and hail
God, who comes in every gale.

6 Birds, on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at his temple door;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks.

7 Kings, your Sovereign serve with awe,
Judges, own his righteous law;
Princes, worship him with fear;
Bow the knee, all people here.

15 C. M. MRS. OPIE

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy almighty power;
The birds that raise on quiv'ring wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee an anthem raise.

Shall I be mute, great God, alone
'Midst nature's loud acclaim?
Shall not my heart, with answ'ring tone,
Breathe forth thy holy name?
All nature's debt is small to mine,
Nature shall cease to be;
Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
Immortal life to me.

16 C. M. WATTS.

PRAISE ye the Lord, ye immortal choirs
That fill the worlds above;
Praise him who form'd you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or vail in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.

3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

4 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

5 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

6 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound;
Echo *the glories of* your King
Through all the nations round.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb

GOD—HIS ATTRIBUTES.

UNITY OF GOD.

18 L. M. BROWNE.

ETERNAL God! almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
By none controlled in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
Fountain of peace and joy and love!
Thy favor only makes us blest;
Without thee all would nothing prove.

5 Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
And to thy glory let us live.

6 Spread thy great name through heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

19 L. M. STOCKTON.

WHEN God—neglected or denied—
From ancient tribes withdrew his grace
How soon *the erring* myriads strove
With phantom forms to fill his place!

In every hill, by every stream,
All homes within, all waysides near,
The hallowed idols senseless stood,—
The helpless suppliants bowed with fear.

3 With gods for every foot of land,
And every pause of passing time,
In life, no soothing peace they found,
In death, no heavenly hope sublime.

4 O thou, the true and living God!
Maker of all above—below,
Eternal—self-existent One!
How blest are we thy name to know!

5 One God—enlightened faith adores;
One God—harmonious nature cries;
One God—our common Sire and Lord,
The brotherhood of mind replies.

6 To Thee—Supreme!—to Thee alone,
Be hymns of highest glory sung;
The source of joy to every heart,
The theme of praise to every tongue.

C. M.

20 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

ETERNITY.

nity, with all its years,
hands present in thy view;
thee there's nothing old appears:
fo thee there's nothing new.

r lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
hile thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undisturbed affairs.

reat God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we?
et the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

L. M. M. E. COLL.

ALL-POW'RFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come;
And everlasting is thy reign.

Fix'd and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminish'd luster shine.

Fountain of being! source of good!
Immutable dost thou remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

Nature her order shall reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round;
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd

Yon shining orbs forget their course;
The sun his destin'd path forsake;
And burning desolation mark
Amid the world his wand'ring track.

6 Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will:
But thou forever art the same;
"I AM" is thy memorial still.

22 C. M. WATTS.

SOME seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our eternal King.

2 Thy names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless Thy might and majesty,
And unconfined Thy throne.

3 Thy glory shines immensely bright;
Exhaustless is Thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from Thine eyes,
And Gabriel vails his face.

4 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels can not sound;
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd

23 C. M. O. S. P. COLL.

RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound,
To praise the eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah filled his throne;
Or Adam formed, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.



IMMUTABILITY.

His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And *ever* is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own Immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too
And vast destruction come;
The creatures—look! how old they grow,
And wait the fiery doom.

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flames melt down the skies;
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

IMMUTABILITY.

C. M. TATE & BRADY.

24 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.



4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine
With undiminished rays.

25 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

O LORD, the Saviour and defense
Of all thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

2 Before the lofty mountains rose,
Or earth received its frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
When thou dost speak the word, Return—
'T is instantly obeyed.

4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

5 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That unto wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

26 C. M. MRS. ROWE.

THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race—
Before the ample elements
Filled up the void of space.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stayed,
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores displayed—

3 Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appeared,
Before the high celestial arch
Or starry poles were reared—

4 Ere man adored, or angels knew
Or praised thy wondrous name,
Thy bliss, O sacred spring of life,
And glory, were the same.

5 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck—

6 When from her orb the moon shall start
The astonished sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake—

7 Forever permanent and fixed,
From agitation free,
Unchanged in everlasting years
Shall thy existence be.

INDEPENDENCY.

27 L. M. WATTS.

WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reac



2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo,
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Meas'ring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal noon.

6 Then fly, my song, an endless round—
The lofty tune let angels raise:
All nature dwell upon the sound—
But we can ne'er fulfill the praise.

28 L. M. WATTS.

GOD is a name my soul adores,
Th' Almighty Three, the Eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite unknown.

2 From thy great self thy being springs,
Thou art thine own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

3 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bids the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine

All restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

5 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face!

6 Who can behold the glorious light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

SPIRITUALITY.

29 C. M. WATTS.

GOD is a spirit, just and wise—
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.



GOD—HIS ATTRIBUTES.

30 L. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

THOU art, O God! a Spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal, and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.

2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy Essence, pure, no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.

3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image spotless fair?
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare?

4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold and silver, wood and stone:
Ours is the God that made the heaven:
Jehovah he, and God alone;

5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice,
Than outward forms delight him more.

OMNIPRESENCE.

31 L. M. WATTS.

COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

2 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'T is there thou dwell'st enthroned in li
Or plunge to hell, there justice reigns,
*And Satan groans be*neath thy chains.

5 The vail of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shade as blazing noon.

6 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

32 C. M. — WHITE.

THE Lord our God is Lord of all,
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall!
I hear him in the wind!

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I can not fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He lives, he reigns, in every land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where across the burning sand
The blasting meteor glows.

4 He smiles, we live—he frowns, we die—
We hang upon his word:
He rears *his dread right* arm on high,
And ruin bares his sword.



5 He bids his blast the fields deform—
Then, when his thunders cease,
Sits as the ruler of the storm,
And smiles the winds to peace

33 L. M. NOEL'S COL.

WHERE can we hide, or whither fly,
Lord, to escape thy piercing eye?
With thee it is not day and night,
But darkness shineth as the light.

2 Where'er we go, what'er pursue,
Our ways are open to thy view;
Our motives read, our thoughts explored,
Our hearts revealed to thee, O Lord.

3 Is there, throughout all worlds, one spot,
One lonely wild, where thou art not?
The hosts of heaven enjoy thy care,
And those of hell know thou art there.

4 Awake, asleep, where none intrude,
Or 'midst the thronging multitude,
In every land, on every sea,
We are surrounded still with thee.

5 Search us, O God, and know each heart;
With every idol bid us part;
Make us to keep thy holy ways,
And live to utter forth thy praise.

OMNISCIENCE.

34 C. M. WATTS.

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean,

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie.
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

95 L. M. WATTS.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known:
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge! vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.



5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

36 C. M. VILLAGE HYMN

THE eye of God is every where,
To watch the sinner's ways,
He sees who join in humble prayer,
And who in solemn praise.

2 One glance of thine; eternal Lord,
Can pierce and search us through,
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!

3 The universe, in every part,
At once before thee lies;
And every thought of every heart
Is open to thine eyes.

4 Prepare us, Lord, to pray and praise
With fervent, holy love;
And fit us by thy word of grace
To worship thee above.

WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

37 L. M. NEEDH

AWAKE, my tongue—thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars he numbers—and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

O what grace,
at thought can trace!
is for ever bright—
al, with sweet delight.

WATTS.

C. M.

iortal praise belong
ghty God:
art, and be my tongue,
is name abroad.

works his hand hath wrought;
is in our sight!
v'ry age have sought
's with delight.

act is nature's frame!
th' eternal mind!
never change the scheme
irst thoughts design'd.

m'd the sons of men,



GOD—HIS ATTRIBUTES.

GRANDEUR OF GOD.

39 L. M. WATTS.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds;

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But, O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

40 L. M. J. WESLEY.

O GOD, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O hight immense! what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Unfathomable depths thou art!
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart;
*With love em*brace and cover me

thee, All Infinite, I set
faith before my ravished eye,
weakness bends beneath the weight;
O'erpowered, I sink, I faint, I die.

Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere time began its race,
Ere glowed with stars the ethereal blue.

Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.

Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee!

1 L. M. J. WESLEY.

SECOND PART.

THY parent hand, thy forming skill,
Firm fix'd this universal chain:
Else empty, barren darkness still,
Had held his unmolested reign.

Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns, or meets the wand'ring thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought!

High is thy power above all hight,
Whate'er thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway:
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.

5 What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to the sight;
What thickest darkness vails, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.

6 In light thou dwell'st; light that no shade,
No variation ever knew;
Heaven, earth, and hell, stand all display'd,
And open to thy piercing view.

42 L. M. J. WESLEY.

THIRD PART.

THOU, true and only God, lead'st forth
Th' immortal armies of the sky:
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth,
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly.

2 With downcast eye the angelic choir
Appear before thy awful face;
Trembling, they strike the golden lyre,
And thro' heaven's vault resounds thy praise.

3 In earth, in heaven, in all thou art:
The conscious creature feels thy nod,
Thy forming hand on every part
Impressed the image of its God.

4 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone!
Justice and truth before thee stand,
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.

5 Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace:
Thy wakened wrath does slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace!

6 To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe,
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

43 L. M. J. WESLEY.

FOURTH PART.

PARENT of good! thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings now distills;
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.

2 All things in thee live, move and are;
Thy power infused, doth all sustain;
E'en those thy daily favors share,
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.

3 Thy sun thou didst his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
On all who hate or bless thy sway,
Thou bidst descend the fruitful shower.

4 Yet, while at length, who scorned thy might
Shall feel thee a consuming fire:
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of those who to thy love aspire.

5 All creatures praise the eternal Name,
Ye hosts that to his court belong,
Cherubic choirs, *seraphic flames*,
Awake the everlasting song!



6 Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

CONDESCENSION.

44 L. M. WATT

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God—I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind."

4 Lord, may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Then shall our grateful voice declare,
How free thy tender mercies are.

45 L. M. WATT

WHICH of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels with their God compare?
His glories, how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

2 Behold his love! He stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.



OMNIPOTENCE.

last and cottages obscure
ace exalts the humble poor!
them the honor of his sons,
is them for their heavenly thrones.

C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

OVAH, Lord of power and might,
ow glorious is thy name!
blaze of day—the pomp of night,
y majesty proclaim.

l, what is man—weak, sinful man—
hat he thy care should prove;
t thou for him shouldst deign to plan
uch mighty acts of love!

de in thine image at his birth—
Next to the heavenly host,
id sovereign of the new-formed earth,
Each privilege he lost.

hen did the pitying Saviour leave
The glories of the sky—
) ! love too wondrous to conceive!
For sinful man to die—

To die, that we, by grace restored,
Might life and glory claim—
O, great Creator, Saviour, Lord,
How excellent thy name!

OMNIPOTENCE.

C. M. WHITE.

THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will:
He speaks, and in his heavenly hight
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar—
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend—
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

48 L. M. WATTS.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
O'er the vast ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks, and howling tempests rise,
And lay the forests bare around;
The fiercest beasts, with piteous cries,
Confess the terror of the sound.

4 His thunders rend the vaulted skies,
And palaces and temples shake;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

The Lord sits sovereign o'er the flood;
The Thunderer reigns forever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 We see no terrors in his name,
But in our God a Father find;
The voice, that shakes all nature's frame,
Speaks comfort to the pious mind.

49 C. M. LUTH. COLL.

'TWAS God who hurled the rolling spheres
And stretched the boundless skies;
Who formed the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2 From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfined:
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3 He darts along the burning skies;
Loud thunders round him roar:
All heaven attends him, as he flies;
All hell proclaims his power.

4 He scatters nations with his breath;
The scattered nations fly;
Blue pestilence and wasting death,
Confess the God-head nigh.

5 Ye worlds, with every living thing,
Fulfill his high command:
Mortals, pay homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.



HOLINESS.

50 C. M. NEWMAN.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry—
"Thrice holy" let us sing!

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

51 L. M. C. WESLEY

HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none;
Thy holiness is all thine own
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours—a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thine only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existent God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored
Let all on earth bow down to thee
And own thy peerless majesty.

4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the Rock of peace;
The Rock that never shall remove—
The Rock of pure, almighty love.

52 7s. NEEDHAM.

GOD is goodness, wisdom, power;
Love him, praise him evermore;
Let us strive, and never cease,
Him in every thing to please.

2 Born for this intent we are,
Our Creator to declare;
God to love, and serve, and praise,
God to honor all our days.

3 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Live, by heaven and earth adored!
Filled with thee, let all things cry,
Glory be to God most high.

LOVE.

53 L. M. ROWE.

LORD, what is man that he should prove
The object of thy boundless love?
Say, why should he so largely share
Thy favor, and thy tender care?

2 While these my lips draw vital breath,
Or till I close my eyes in death,
I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,
Nor thoughtless of thy kindness prove.

3 Beneath thy shadowing wing's defense,
I'll place my only confidence:
In every danger and distress,
To thee will I my prayer address.

4 Should all my hopes on earth be lost,
In thee I'll make my constant boast:
I'll spread the glories of thy name,
And thy unbounded love proclaim.

54 C. M. BURDER.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove:
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show, that God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits,
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.

4 And oh that you, whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice—
That tells you, God is love.

55 C. M. PRATT'S C

AMID the splendors of thy state,
O God, thy love appears,
Soft as the radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have frai
Thy love supremely shines.

3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thine awful name;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.

4 Angels and men, the news proclaim,
Through earth and heaven above,
And all with holy transport sing
That God the Lord is love.

JUSTICE.

56 C. M. LUTH. COLL.

WITH eye impartial, heaven's high King
Surveys each human tribe;
No earthly pomp his eyes can charm,
Nor wealth his favor bribe.

2 The rich and poor, of equal clay,
His powerful hand did frame;
All souls are his, and him alike
Their common Parent claim.

3 Ye sons of men of high degree,
Your great Superior own;
Praise him for all his gifts, and pay
Your homage at his throne.

4 Trust in the Lord, ye humble poor,
And banish every fear;
The God you serve will ne'er forsake
The man of heart sincere.

57 L. M. BEDDOME.

GREAT God, my Maker and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
All thou *hast done,* and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.

2 Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees,
Thy threatenings and thy promises—
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel:

3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threatening rod and smiling face—
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restored:

4 While these excite my fear and joy,
While these my tuneful lips employ,
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

58 L. M. WATTS.

LET God arise in all His might,
And put the hosts of hell to flight;
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Sing to His name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before His face.

3 The widow and the fatherless
Pray for His aid in sharp distress;
In Him the poor and helpless find
A judge that's just, a Father kind.

4 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels who dispute His will
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

GOODNESS.

59 C. M. STEELE.

YE humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defense, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God! to thy Almighty love,
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

60 L. P. M., or 6 8s. WES. COLL.

O GOD, of good, the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might!
O Jesus, lover of mankind!
Who would *not his whole* soul and mind,
With all his strength to thee unite?

2 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly order'st all that is:
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I with thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

3 Fountain of good! all blessing flows
From thee; no want thy fullness knows;
What but thyself canst thou desire?
Yet, self-sufficient as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart—
This, only this, dost thou require.

4 O God, of good, the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesus, lover of mankind!
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength to thee unite?

61 C. M. WATTS.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry,
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of hearts sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

TRUTH.

62 L. M. STOCKTON.

CAN truth divine fulfillment fail?
Sooner shall star-crowned nature die!
Truth is the very breath of God—
Part of his own eternity.

2 Earth's every pulse may cease to flow,
And every voice be heard no more:
The forest crumble on the mount—
The sea corrupt upon the shore;

3 The moon's supply of light expire,
The sun itself grow dense with gloom,
A fairer system, sphered afar,
Dissolving, own the common doom;

4 But long as stands Jehovah's throne,
Long as his being shall endure,
So long the truth his lips proclaim
Remains inviolably sure.

63 L. M. WES. COLL.

YE humble saints proclaim abroad
The honors of a faithful God;
How *just and true* are all his ways!
How much above your highest praise!

2 The words his sacred lips declare
Of his own mind the image bear;
What should him tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency?

3 He will not his great self deny;
A God all truth can never lie;
As well might he his being quit
As break his oath or word forget.

4 Let frightened rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift through the air let rocks be hurled,
And mountains like the chaff be whirled;

5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heaven and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

6 True to his word, God gave his Son,
To die for crimes which man had done;
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

FAITHFULNESS.

64 C. M. WATTS.

BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme,
Awake, my voice, and sing
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men:
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness 'rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 Now shall my fainting heart rejoice,
To know thy favor sure:
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

65 10s. & 11s. WES. COLL.

THY faithfulness, Lord, Each moment we find,
So true to thy word, So loving and kind;
Thy mercy so tender To all the lost race,
The vilest offender May turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, To others I show,
I set to my seal That Jesus is true:
Ye all may find favor, Who come at his call;
O come to my Saviour, His grace is for ALL.

3 To save what was lost, From heaven he came;
Come, sinners, and trust In Jesus' name!
He offers you pardon; He bids you be free:
"If sin be your burden, O come unto me."

4 O let me commend My Saviour to you;
The Publican's Friend, And Advocate too;
For you he is pleading His merits and death;
With God interceding For sinners beneath.

5 Then let us submit, His grace to receive;
Fall down at his feet, And gladly believe:
We all are forgiven, For Jesus' sake:
Our title to Heaven, His merits we take.

66 7s. Wes. Coll.

DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears;
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never, quit thy hold!
Murmer not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time:
Calmly for his coming stay;
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong;
Wait the leisure of thy Lord:
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word!
On his word my soul I cast;
(He can not himself deny;)
Surely it shall speak at last;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

3 Every one that seeks shall find;
Every one that asks shall have;
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save;
I shall his salvation see;
I in faith on Jesus call;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand;
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely thou canst make me stand
I believe in Jesus' Name:

[redacted]

MERCY.

Saviour in temptation thou,
Thou hast saved me heretofore;
Thou from sin dost save me now;
Thou shalt save me evermore.

MERCY.

67 S. M. WATTS.

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 Our days are like the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find,
Thy words of promise sure.

68 L. M. TATE & BRADY.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

5 Let Israel's God be ever blessed,
His name eternally confess'd;
Let all his saints with full accord
In solemn hymns proclaim their Lord.

69 C. M. STERN.

COME, O ye saints, your voices raise
To God, in grateful songs;
And let the memory of his grace
Inspire your hearts and tongues.

2 To thee, my God, oppressed with grief,
I breathe my humble cry;
Thy mercy brought divine relief,
And wiped my weeping eye.

3 Thy mercy chased the shades of death,
And snatched me from the grave;
O may thy praise employ that breath
Which mercy deigns to save.

70 L. M. WATTS.

GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways,
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more:

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high.
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave.
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

71 C. M. WATTS.

MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And *make succeeding* ages know
How faithful is his word.

But there's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above:
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thy unchanging love.

III.—THE TRINITY.

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72 S. M. WES. COLL

FATHER! in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive

4 Thy grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,
And cry, "salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

5 Spirit of holiness!
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power!

6 Not angel tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic hight—
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight!

7 Eternal, Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record
And dwell upon thy love!

73 H. M., or 4 6s, & 2 8s. WM. COLL.

YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The lord of earth and sky;
Him, Three in One and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name;
Him, Three in One and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellencies meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall forever sit;

Him, Three in One and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs,
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth or heaven;
Him, Three in One and One in Three.
Extol to all eternity.

74 7s. Wm. Coll.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give!
Mixed with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

2 One, inexplicably Three,
One, in simplest Unity,
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us thy lisping creatures hear!
Thee, while man the earth-born sings,
Angels shrink within their wings;
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

3 Happy they who ever rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest,
They the hights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity!
Fain with them our souls would vie,
Sink as low and mount as high;
Fall o'erwhelmed with love, or soar;
Shout, or silently adore!

75 C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given;
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore the eternal God,
And spread his honors—and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith and love and duty join
One general song to raise;
Let saints, in earth and heaven, combine
In harmony and praise.

76 L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son! incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three-in-One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

77 L. M. WES. COLL

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
For ever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified,
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit, from above
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou Source of ecstacy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God triune, to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

78 7s. WES. COLL.

FATHER, live, by all things feared—
Live the Son, alike revered;
Equally be thou adored,
Holy Ghost, eternal Lord.

2 Three in person, one in power,
Thee we worship evermore:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Endless theme of earth and heaven.

IV.—RELATIONS OF GOD.

MAKER.

79 S. M. STEEL.

MY Maker and my King
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind?
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

4 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before;
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And *fill it with thy love.*

6 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

80 C. M. WATTS.

THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'T was his right hand that shaped our clay
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the angelic songs.

4 Let groveling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honor shine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praise him in your unwearied course,
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills;
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

81 L. M. WATTS.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move,
To form the circle of our years;

2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dressed this orb in golden rays
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise!

3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams, and borrowed light,
Are softer rivals of the noon,

4 Arise, and to that Sovereign Power
Waxing and waning honors pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day!

5 O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the Sun that makes our days;
With all thy shining works above,
Let man attempt to speak thy praise.

PRESERVER.

82 C. M. WATTS.

TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my Perpetual Aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thy eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have its leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

83 C. M. ADDISON.

HOW are thy servants blessed, O Lord,
How sure is their defense!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by they care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

84 L. M. WATTS.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all its help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens, with all their host he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles adorn the day:
He spreads the evening vail, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

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85 L. M. WM. COWP.

FATHER, whose everlasting love
Thy only Son for sinners gave,
Whose *grace to all did* freely move,
And sent him down the world to save.

2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race;
For all thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 The world he suffered to redeem:
For all he hath the atonement made:
For those that will not come to him,
The ransom of his life was paid.

5 Why then, thou universal Love,
Should any of thy grace despair?
To all, to all thy bowels move;
But straitened in our own we are.

6. Arise, O God! maintain thy cause!
The fullness of the gentiles call;
Lift up the standard of the cross,
And all shall own Christ died for all.

86 C. M. VILL. HYMNS.

INDULGENT Father, how divine,
How bright thy beauties are!
Through nature's ample round they shine,
Thy goodness to declare.

2 But in thy nobler work of grace,
What brighter mercy smiles,
In our benign Redeemer's face,
And every fear beguiles!

3 Such wonders, Lord, while we survey,
To thee our thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or evening veils the skies.

4 When glimmering life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune our breath;
The dear memorials of thy name,
Shall gild the shades of death.

5 But O, how sweet our song shall rise,
When freed from feeble clay;
And all thy glories meet our eyes
In one eternal day!

87 S. M. Wm. Cowper.

FATHER of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfilled
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate sealed:
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.

2 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord,
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word:
Thy promise deeper lies
In unexhausted grace,
And new-discovered worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

3 Beloved for Jesus' sake,
By him redeemed of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold;
While gathered in by thee,
And perfected in one,
They all at once thy glory see
In thine *exalted Son*.



88 L. M. WES. COLL.

FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame,
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same;
Thou by thy word upholdest all,
Thy bounteous love to all is showed;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

2 In heaven thou reign'st, enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom are open laid;
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail the sovereign Lord of all.

3 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess
That moves in earth, or air, or sky,
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye:
All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ:
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

SOVEREIGN.

89 C. M., or 4 6s & 2 8s. WATTS.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high,
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

ıe thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
s wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law:
ıd where his love resolves to bless
s truth confirms and seals the grace.

ırough all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines,
nfounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs;
rong is his arm, and shall fulfill
s great decrees and sovereign will.

ıd will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend?
ıd will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?
ove his name, I love his word:
ln all my powers to praise the Lord.

L. M. WATTS.

FORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
r that the Lord is God alone;
can create—and he destroy.

ıovereign power, without our aid,
ıde us of clay—and formed us men;
when, like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
brought us to his fold again.

re his people—we his care—
r souls and all our mortal frame:
lasting honors shall we rear,
ighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

91 L. M. STEEL.

THE Lord, the God of glory reigns,
In robes of majesty arrayed;
His rule Omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were spread abroad,
Thy awful throne was fixed above;
From everlasting thou art God.

3 The swelling floods tumult'ous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar;
Lift their proud billows to the skies;
And foam, and lash the trembling shore.

4 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas;
He speaks—and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine;
And, Lord, thy people shall be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

92 L. P. M. or 6 8s. DODDRIDGE

YE subjects of the Lord, proclaim
The royal honors of his name;

Jehovah reigns! be all our song—
'T is he, thy God, O Zion, reigns,
Prepare thy most harmonious strains,
Glad hallelujahs to prolong.

2 Ye princes, boast no more your crowns
But lay the glittering trifles down
In lowly honor at his feet;
A span your narrow empire bounds,
He reigns beyond created rounds,
In self-sufficient glory great.

3 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
Formed, like your slaves, of brittle cla
Down to the dust your scepters bend
To everlasting years he reigns,
And undiminished pomp maintains,
When kings and suns and time shall

93 C. M.

WITH my whole heart I'll raise my
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, sovereign judge of right and wro
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all who are oppressed,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men who know thy name will trust
In thine abundant grace;
For thou *dost* ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.



5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill;
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfill.

V.—CREATION.

94 C. M. WATTS.

NOW let a spacious world arise,
Said the Creator-Lord:
At once the obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sovereign word.

2 Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confused; and drowned the land:
He called the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bade the clouds ascend on high:
The clouds ascend, and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gathered by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants, a flow'ry birth,
The naked globe he crowned,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorned the upper skies;
Behold, the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To make our months and years.

95 C. M. WATTS.

OUT of the deep the Almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.

2 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,
And grazing beasts, of various form,
Rose from the teeming earth.

3 Adam was framed of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest;
Designed for nobler ends than they
With God's own image blessed.

4 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye,
The young creation stood:
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounced it good.

5 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

96 L. M. NEEDHAM.

LOOK up, ye saints—direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the skies;
With your glad notes his praise rehearse
Who formed the mighty universe.

2 He spoke, and from the gloom of night,
At once sprang up the cheering light;
Him *discord heard*, and, at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.

3 The word he gave, the obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run;
Nor silver moon, nor stars, delay
To glide along th' ethereal way.

4 Teeming with life—air, earth, and sea
Obey the Almighty's high decree:
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.

5 But to complete the wondrous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man;
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.

6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine!

VI.—PROVIDENCE.

97 L. M. WAT.

HE that has made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode—
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare—
Satan, the tempter, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

3 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.

4 If vapors with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe—the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

5 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Among the dead, amid the graves.

6 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

98 C. M. COWPER.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take—
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The *bud may have a* bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

99 C. M. Ch. Psalm

O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all!
Unsent by thee no good can come,
No evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Through all this wilderness.

3 'T is thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way,
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, O my God,
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

100 L. M. M. E. Col.

PEACE, troubl'd soul, thou need'st not fe
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still;
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask and receive in Jesus' name."

3 His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be:

Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.

4 Your sacred hairs, which are so small,
The Lord himself hath numbered all;
This truth he's published all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need;
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

6 Then do not seek, with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear;
Your heavenly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need.

91

L. M., or 6 8s. ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant lanscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.



4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

102 C. M. ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou can'st read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

To all eternity to thee,
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

103 L. M. DYER.

GREATEST of beings, Source of life,
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power; but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2 Subject to wars, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies;
And when, oppressed with guilt, he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

3 Children, whose little minds, unformed,
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven,
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven.

4 Those, too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb,
Who, sickening at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come:

5 All, great Creator, all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;
And through each varying scene of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.

6 And whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast,
Or life still keep its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest—

7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey:
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

104 7s. Wm. Cowper.

HAPPY man whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours;
Compasses with angel bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands;
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestowed;
Life, and all, descend from God.

2 He this flow'ry carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread;
God refreshes in the air,
Covers with the clothes we wear,
Feeds us with the food we eat,
Cheers us by his light and heat,
Makes his sun on us to shine;
All our blessings are divine!

3 Give him, then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive!
Man we for his kindness love;
How much more our God above!
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honored and adored;
God of all-creating grace
Take the everlasting praise!

105 10s & 11s. Norton.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us—The Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written—The Lord will provide.

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He can not take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise—The Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we're weak—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions—The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' Name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power—The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting—The Lord will provide.

106 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee Sov'reign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to vail the skies.

3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coast redundant stores,
And winters, *soften'd* by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

And circling sabbaths bless our ey
Till to those lofty hights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no r

107 C. M. Luti

THY way, O God, is in the sea;
Thy paths I can not trace:
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark vails of flesh and ser
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wond'ring thoughts confoun

3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of thy joys above!

S. M. WATTS.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
et all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

ngels! sing eternal love,
Its chief beloved chose,
nd bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

ehold no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
bolts to drive our guilty souls
To forever flames below.

as mercy filled the throne;
nd wrath stood silent by,
n Christ was sent with pardons down
o rebels doomed to die.

109 C. M. PROT. E. COLL.

MY grateful soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turned thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin, and shame.

2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place:
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to our fallen race.

3 'T is from the love of God, through Christ,
That all our hopes begin;
His mercy saved our souls from death,
And washed us from our sin.

4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
His sacred fire imparts,
Removes our dross, and love divine
Enkindles in our hearts.

5 Thus raised from death, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.

110 L. M. WES. COLL.

ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, displayed!
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners—a vile and thankless race;
O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy gra

And seal th' abode for ever thine.

O King of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far;
Yea, e'en our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.

Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal;
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

L. M. WATTS.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
et all the powers within me join
a work and worship so divine.

less, O my soul, the God of grace:
is favors claim thy highest praise:
et not the wonders he hath wrought
e lost in silence and forgot.

112 L. M. WATTS.

NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

113 L. M. WATTS

ERE the blue heavens were stretched abro
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was—the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made—
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head.
And angels fly at his command.

3 But, lo, he leaves those heavenly forms—
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 The angels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

114 L. M. WATTS.

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God,
Our spirits bow before thy seat—
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee!

3 Yet there is one of human frame—
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one,
Though they are known by different names
The Father God, and God the Son.

5 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

115 L. M. C. WESLEY.

THE day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see—
Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
Of an incarnate Deity—

2 Who did for us his life resign:
There is no other God but one;
For all the plenitude Divine
Resides in the eternal Son.

3 Spotless, sincere, without offense,
O may we to his day remain,
Who trust the blood of Christ to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.

4 Lord, we believe the promise sure!
The purchased Comforter impart;
Apply thy blood to make us pure—
To keep us pure in life and heart.

5 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none thy Godhead shall deny—
Thy sov'reign majesty blaspheme—
Or count thee less than the Most High:

6 When all who on their God believe—
Who hear thy last appearing love—
Shall thy consummate joy receive,
And see thy glorious face above.

116 L. M. A. C. Coxe.

O, who like Thee—so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

2 O, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

3 The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp Thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon Thy mild divinity.

4 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 O, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

117 L. M. COWPER.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made
Filled all the morning stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well pleased he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

PROMISE OF CHRIST.

118 L. M. WATTS.

TO those who fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands forever sure;
From age to age his promise lives;
And the performance is secure.

2 He spake to Abraham of his seed,
"In thee shall all the earth be blessed:"
The memory of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

3 But now no more shall Israel wait,
No more the gentiles lie forlorn;
Lo, the Desire of nations comes,
Behold! the promised Seed is born!

119 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gate of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes, oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 The sacred year has now revolved,
Accepted of the Lord,
When heaven's high promise is fulfilled,
And Israel is restored.

7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

20 L. M. 8s. WES. COLL.

ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear, our omnipotent Lord;
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race;
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 O wouldst thou again be made known—
Again in thy Spirit descend;
And set up, in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end!
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

3 O, come to thy servants again,
Who long thine appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below;
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er;
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

---

21 L. M. WES. COLL.

O THOU, whose offering on the tree
The legal offerings all foreshowed,
Borrowed their whole effect from thee,
And drew their virtue from thy blood;

2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain
Could never for one sin atone;
To purge the guilty offerer's stain,
Thine was the work and thine alone.

3 Vain in themselves their duties were,
Their services could never please,
Till joined with thine and made to share
The merits of thy righteousness.

4 Forward they cast a faithful look
On thy approaching sacrifice;
And thence a pleasing savor took,
And rose accepted in the skies.

5 Those feeble types, and shadows old,
Are all in thee, the truth, fulfilled;
We in thy sacrifice behold
The substance of those rites revealed.

6 Thy meritorious sufferings past,
We see by faith to us brought back,
And on thy grand oblation cast,
Its saving benefits partake.

122 S. M. WATTS.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And trust his bleeding love.

123 C. M. WATTS.

THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

4 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;"
And then he shows his opened veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

124 C. M. MEDLEY.

MORTALS, awake—with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the *song, the joy* was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat—
"Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die."

7 Hail, Prince of life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

125 C. M. TATE.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
And thus addressed their song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

126 7s RIPPON'S COLL.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild—
God and sinners reconciled!"

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise—
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die,
Born, to raise the sons of earth,
Born, to give them second birth.

4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see—
Hail the incarnate Deity;
Pleased as man with men to appear,
See the great Immanuel here.

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

127 C. M. WATTS.

"SHEPHERDS, rejoice—lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the regions of the skies—
A Saviour's born to-day.

2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 "Glory to God, that reigns above—
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

128 11s & 10s. HEBER.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

129 C. M. Morris.

TO us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given:
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the host of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
Forevermore adored—
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above
And peace abound below.

4 To us a child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given—
The Wonderful, *the Counselor*,
The mighty Lord of heaven.



130 S. M. Ch. Ps

WE come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn;
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"

2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
His glorious title we proclaim—
A Saviour—Christ—the Lord!

3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthems of the sky—
And sing—"The Saviour's born!"

131 8s 7s & 4. Mo

ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ the new-born King.

2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heavenly light:
Come and worship, etc.

3 Sages! leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations:
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship, etc

4 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship, etc.

5 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
Come and worship, etc.

132 C. M. WAT

JOY to the world—the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world—the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods—rocks, hills, and pla
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

133 C. M. SMA

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

ıe answering hills of ...
Send back the glad reply;
ıd greet, from all their holy hights,
The day-spring from on high.

er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
nd Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

ight on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
ınd bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

S. M. C. WESLEY.

REJOICE in Jesus' birth—
... Son is given:

4 His government shall grow,
From strength to strength proceed:
His righteousness the church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erspread.

135 8s & 7s. CAWOOD.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high.

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name and taste his joy
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

LIFE OF CHRIST.

136 C. M. HEBER.

ABASHED be all the boast of age—
Be hoary learning dumb;
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an infant come!

2 O, Wisdom, whose unfading power
Beside the Eternal stood,
To frame in nature's earliest hour
The land, the sky, the flood—

3 Yet didst not thou disdain awhile
An infant form to wear—
To bless thy mother with a smile,
And lisp thy fervent prayer.

4 But in thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders 'round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

5 So may our youth adore thy name—
And, Saviour, deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame,
Of early holiness.

L. M. PLYM. COLL.

137

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to d
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 The man who marks, from day to d
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour t
The path to glory and to God.

138 C. M. ENFIELD.

BEHOLD, where in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found;
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood:
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life—
He labored for their good.

5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued,
While humble prayer and holy faith
His fainting strength renewed.

6 In the last hours of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

139 7s. WES. COLL.

HOLY Lamb, who thee confess,
Followers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, "What shall we do?"

servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love:
Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity—
Works of love on man bestowed,
Secret intercourse with God.

8 Early in the temple met,
Let us still our Saviour greet—
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there—
There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again,
Power his image to retrieve,
Power like thee, our Lord, to live

140 L. M. Brov

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel'
From lips of gentleness and g
When listening thousands gath

Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

141 L. M. STEELE

AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 When'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to sin
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rule by which we live.

4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight:
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
If then we love the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move!

142 L. M. DODDRIDGE

WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

ith thee, in the obscurest cell,
n some bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.

Away, ye dreams of mortal joy:
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
I see the King of glory shine,
And feel his love, and call him mine.

4 On Tabor thus his servants viewed
His luster, when transformed he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there!
Come, death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

L. M. LUTH. COLL.

143 "FATHER divine," the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away."

2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,
And stripes and wounds and cruel scorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, thy will, not mine, be done."

3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say, 'Thy will, not ours, be do

en, though like him in dust we lie,
e'll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

144 L. M. WATTS

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love—and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The deserts thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my nam
Among the followers of the Lamb.

145 C. M. CURTIS' COLL

JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When vailed in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy too on me!

3 And didst thou pity mortal wo,
And sight and health restore?
O, pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more!

4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord! oh save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

146 L. M. TAPPAN.

'TIS midnight—and on Olives' brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'T is midnight—in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'T is midnight—and from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's griefs and tears.

3 'T is midnight—and, for others' guilt,
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight—and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

147 L. M. WATTS

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

. it, Lord, that I should boast,
e in the cross of Christ, my God:
e vain things that charm me most
crifice them to his blood.

rom his head, his hands, his feet,
orrow and love flow mingled down!
d e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

148 C. M. WATTS.

ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Redeemer, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
When his dear cross appears—
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'T*is all that I can* do.

C. M. S. WESLEY, S

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee.

2 Hark how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'T is done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul," he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head—
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

150 C. M. WAT

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled:
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

ı love let rocks and hills
lasting silence break!
ı harmonious human tongues,
ir Saviour's praises speak.

els, assist our mighty joys;
strike all your harps of gold:
at when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told!

1 8s 7s & 4. FRANCIS.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary:
See, it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth and vails the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the Saviour—dying—cry.

2 It is finished! O, what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record!

3 Finished—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs—
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!



152 L. M. STRETCHED

STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies
Hark! his expiring groans arise:
See from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream—how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

4 Come, blessed Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart!
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

153 L. M. C. WESLEY

YE that pass by, behold the man!
The man of grief, condemned for you,
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain!
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs, they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs—exposed and bare,
Or only covered with his blood.

3 See there! his temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

. dear, thou suffering Son of God,
ow doth thy heart to sinners move!
akle on us thy precious blood,
id melt us with thy dying love!

thy last gasp, the graves displayed
Their horrors to the upper skies;
J that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quickened by thy death, arise!

6 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
O, rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

154 C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own;
Blest Saviour, nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thy atoning sacrifice
Has answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come to us by thy hands.

4 'T is by thy death we live, O Lord!
'T is on thy cross we rest:
For ever be thy love adorned,
Thy name for ever blest.

155 7s. TOPLADY

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;

Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow—
Could my zeal no langor know—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

156 C. M Cowper

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

a nobler, sweeter song,
.g thy power to save;
.is poor lisping, stammering tongue
silent in the grave.

L. P. M., or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

1 LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
Th' incarnate God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,—
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,—
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him.
Of nothing think or speak beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

158 8s & 7s. *Peculiar* PLYM. COLL.

SEE the Lord of glory dying,
See him *gasping*, hear him crying:

Nature's groans awake th
See! the sun is struck with
While the peals of legal thu
Smite the dear Redeemer'

3 Heaven's bright, melodious l
Chaunting through the tunel
Cease to thrill the quiverii
Songs seraphic all suspended
Till the mighty war was end
By the all-victorious King

159 L. M.

'TIS finished—so the Savic
And meekly bowed his h
'T is finished—yes, the work i
The battle fought, the victory

2 'T is finished—all that Heave
And all the ancient prophets s
Is now fulfilled, as long desir

ished—heaven is reconciled,
the powers of darkness spoiled;
love, and happiness, again
and dwell with sinful men.

inished—let the joyful sound
eard through all the nations round;
is finished—let the echo fly
hro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

30 L. M. C. WESLEY.

OF him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

rr. 2 Ask but his grace, and, lo, 't is given I
ed: Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins, he blushed in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'T is thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan:
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this Spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?



161 C. M. NEWTON.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never, to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

162 L. M. WATTS.

COME, let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he expired in shame and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn;
"He rescued others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save."

3 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

4 But, gracious God! thy power and love
Have made his death a blessing prove:
Though once upon the cross he bled,
Immortal honors crown his head.

5 Through Christ the Son our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live!
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

163 L. M. CUNNINGHAM.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell,
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah vailed his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, *my sluggish* soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.



5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye:
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O, let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul.

C. M.

164 AND did the holy and the just,
The sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise!

2 Yes—the Redeemer left his throne—
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!
To suffer—bleed—and die.

3 To dwell with misery here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man—oh wondrous grace!
For sinful man—he bled!

5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders d
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from he
And rebels brought to God.

S. M.

165 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's deligh
Expire in agony!

whom, my heart,
ese sorrows borne?
feel that piercing smart,
. that various scorn?

of us he bled,
l in torture died;
love that bow'd his fainting head,
. op'd his gushing side.

ympathy of love,
et all the earth combine;
nd drawn by cords so gentle, prove
The energy divine.

In him our hearts unite,
Nor share his griefs alone,
But from his cross pursue their flight
To his triumphant throne.

166 8s. & 7s. BICKERSTETH'S COLL.

"STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
See him dying on the tree!
'T is the Christ by man rejected;
Yes, my soul, 't is he, 't is he!
'T is the long expected prophet,
David's son, yet David's Lord;
Proofs I see sufficient of it;
'T is a true and faithful word.

2 Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,
Was there ever grief like his?
Friends through fear his cause disowning,
Foes insulting his distress:
Many hands were rais'd to wound him,
None would interpose to save;
But the awful stroke that found him,
Was the *stroke that justice* gave.

3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great;
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the sacrifice appointed!
See who bears the awful load;
'Tis the WORD, the LORD'S ANOINTED,
Son of man, and Son of God.

167 C. M. O. S. Pass.

BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of wo;
See from his agonizing wounds,
The blood incessant flow.

2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek,
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.

3 'Tis finished! was his latest voice;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bowed his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.

4 'Tis finished! the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.

5 'Tis finished! all his groans are past.
His blood, his pains, his toils,
Have fully vanquished all our foes,
And crowned Him with their spoils.

6 'Tis finished! legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
All old things now are passed away,
And a new world begun.



7s. GIBBONS.

roll the rock away!
ield up thy mighty prey!
s from the tomb,
mortal bloom.

ndering angels raise
of joyful praise;
's remotest bound
lissful sound.

:s, lift up your eyes;
ieror mount the skies;
els on the road,
g the incarnate God.

ds its portals wide—
, through them ride;
, mount Thy throne;
pire is Thine own.

re celestial choirs,
weep your golden lyres;
the noblest songs,
usand thousand tongues.

S. M. KELLY.

d is risen indeed:"
e the tidings true?
d the Saviour bleed,
m living too.

risen indeed:"
e asks no more;
ith are now agreed,
pposed before.



3 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Then is his work performed;
The captive surety now is freed,
And death, our foe disarmed.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

5 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Attending angels hear,
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

6 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

170 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Cast all your fears away;
And bow with rapture down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought—
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs—
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;.
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this—
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love

172 L. M. W.

LORD, when thou didst ascend on hig
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wai
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there,
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

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173 L. M. W.

HE dies—the Friend of sinners dies
Lo, Salem's daughters weep arou
A solemn darkness vails the skies—
A sudden trembling shakes the gro

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

God forsakes the tomb:
The tomb forbids his rise:
Legions guard him home,
Shout him welcome to the skies.

Off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns,
How he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

Say: "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster: "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

174 C. M. S. WESLEY, JR.

THE Sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Adore the scatterer of your fears,—
Your rising Sun adore.

2 The saints, when he resigned his breath,
Unclosed their sleeping eyes,
He breaks again the bands of death,—
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod:
He dies and suffers as a man,
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To him, who breaks the gates of hell,
And *opens Paradise.*



175 7s. COLLYER

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom!
Day of triumph! through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

176 C. M. WAT

BLEST morning, whose first dawning rr
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay—
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold the Lord in vain;
Behold the mighty Conqueror rise,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim,
The triumph of the day.

177 C. H. M. HASTINGS.

YE mourning saints! dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place—He is not there,"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain:
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

2 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears;
O! weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

3 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die:
Since He is risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

178 L. M. WALDIN.

WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deigned to lie,
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
How weak the bands of conquered death:
Sweet pledge that all who trust His name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.

3 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death He bore.

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul! behold;
See the rich diadem He wears!
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold—
A crown of joy, when He appears.

5 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God! Thou wilt not les
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

179 H. M., or 4 6s. & 2 8s. DODDRII

YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised His conquering head.
In wild dismay, the guards around,
Fall to the ground, and sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands,
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet:
Joyful they come, and wing their way,
From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say—'Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, He rose to-day.'

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry—'Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die.

.riumphant Lord,
av'st us with Thy blood!
e Thy name adored,
a, rising, reigning God.
nee we rise, with Thee we reign,
mpires gain, beyond the skies.

L. M. C. WESLEY.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky;
There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

2 'Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in!'
'Who is the King of glory?'—'Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.'

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!'
'Who is the King of Glory?'—'Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed,
The King *of saints*, and angels, too;
God over all for ever blessed!'

31 H. M., or 4 6s. & 2 8s. C. WESLEY.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice,
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive! they cry,
Nor let the ransomed sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He can not turn away,
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

L. M. STEELE.

es—the great Redeemer lives!
nat joy the blest assurance gives!
ow, before his Father God,
leads the merit of his blood.

peated crimes awake our fears,
nd justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes—and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

183 C. M. DUNCAN.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Praise him *who shed* for you his blood,
And crown him Lord of all.

The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall—
There join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

184 8s. & 7s. WINCH

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou everlasting King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor:

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

185 C. M. WATTS.

COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus!'
'Worthy the Lamb!' our hearts reply;
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name,
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

186 L. M. STERLE.

NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.

In agonizing pains expired—
Who died for rebels—yes, 't is he!
How bright! how lovely! how admired!

4 Jesus, who died that we might live—
Died in the wretched traitor's place!
O, what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace!

5 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store,
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offering poor.

6 Yet, though for bounty so divine,
We ne'er can equal honors raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise

187 8s. & 7s. KELLY

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above;



f glory, reign for ever;
ne an everlasting crown;
ing from Thy love shall sever
hose whom Thou hast made Thine own;
appy objects of Thy grace,
oon shall we behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

88 L. M. WATTS.

JESUS shall reign wher'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early blessings on his name.

89 H. M., or 4 6s. & 2 8s. C. WESLEY.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;



Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love,
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;—etc.

3 His kingdom can not fail;
He rules o'er earth and Heaven:
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;—etc.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;—etc.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;—etc.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come;
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

90 C. M. BEDDOME.

HOW great the wisdom, power and grace
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

Let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

OFFICES OF CHRIST.

191 H. M., or 4 6s & 2 8s. WATTS.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sin forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now *it pleads* before the throne.



4 O thou Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King;
Thy scepter and thy sword,
Thy reign of grace, I sing;
Thine is the power: behold I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet.

5 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the

192 C. M. W

WHOM Jesus' blood doth sanctif
Need neither sin nor fear;
Hid in our Saviour's hand we lie,
And laugh at danger near;
His guardian hand doth hold, prote
And save by ways unknown,
The little flock, the saints elect,
Who trust in him alone.

2 Our Prophet, Priest, and King, to t
We joyfully submit,
And learn, in meek humility,
Our lesson at thy feet:
Spirit and life thy words impart,
And blessings from above,
And drop, in every list'ning heart,
The manna of thy love.

193 C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.

with a sympathy within,
.ows our feeble frame;
.ws what sore temptations mean,
he hath felt the same.

.n the days of feeble flesh
Poured out his cries and tears;
.nd, though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

194 L. M. LOGAN.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands;
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears.

2 He, who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The guardian of the human race.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

PER. 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathises in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour!

L. P. M., or 6 8s. WES. COLL.

195 ENTERED the holy place above,
Covered with meritorious soars,
The tokens of his dying love
Our great High Priest in glory bears;
He pleads his passion on the tree,
He shows himself to God for me.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears;
My name is graven on his hands,
And him the Father always hears,
While low at Jesus' cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of his powerful prayer:
This instant now by him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
And soon my spirit in his hands
Shall stand where my Forerunner stan

C. M. DOD

196 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.



nough raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned—

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are moldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

VIII.—THE HOLY SPIRIT.

PROMISE OF THE SPIRIT.

77 C. M. STIB. SAC. POETRY.

YOU now must hear my voice no more,
My Father calls me home;
But soon from heaven the Holy Ghost,
Your Comforter, shall come.

2 That heavenly Teacher, sent from God,
Shall your whole soul inspire;
Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,
Your hearts with sacred fire.

3 Peace is the gift I leave with you,
My peace to you bequeath;
Peace that shall comfort you through life,
And cheer your souls in death.

give not as the world bestows,
With promise false and vain;
Nor cares nor fears shall wound the heart
In which my words remain.

WES. COLL.

L. M.

JESUS, we on the words depend,
Spoken by thee while present here—
"The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, e'en us, fulfill;
And give the spirit of thy grace,
To teach us all thy perfect will.

3 That heavenly teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.

4 He only can the words apply
Through which we endless life possess,
And deal to each his legacy,
Our Lord's unutterable peace.

5 That peace of God, that peace of thine,
O might he now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin.

6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The hight and depth of Deity;
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change and make us all like thee.

DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT.

S. M. MONTG.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power:
We meet with one accord,
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:
The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.
Spirit of truth, be thou,
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

10 C. H. M. COTTERILL.

LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly birth,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin;
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire:
Be this our day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost.

201 L. M. WEB. COLL.

COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,
To reach the wonders of the day,
When with thy fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

2 O! 't was a most auspicious hour,
Season of grace and sweet delight,
When thou didst come with mighty power,
And light of truth divinely bright.

3 By this the blest disciples knew
Their risen Head had entered heaven;
Had now obtained the promise due,
Fully by God the Father given.

believe to us and ours
postolic promise given;
it the Pentecostal powers,
Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

leave us not to mourn below,
r long for thy return to pine;
ow, Lord, the Comforter, bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

6 Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
And languish thy descent to meet:
Kindle in each the living fire,
And fix in every heart thy seat.

OPERATIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

202 S. M. CH. PSA.

'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do:
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

203 C. M. WATTS.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield!
He sends his Spirit with his word
To arm me for the field.

3 A friend and ... p.
My fainting hope shall raise:
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

14 L. M. WATTS.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by the heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
... words awake our joys;

.d the promise of thy word,
as thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

.rthly parents hear
.heir children when they cry;
they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply,
Much more wilt Thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father thou—
We, children of thy grace—
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

206 L. M. MONTGOM.

POWER from on high, O God, impart—
Power in thy gospel to believe,
Power to surrender our whole heart,
Power all thy mercy to receive.

2 The word to us in vain were given,
We hear, we read, we learn in vain;
In vain thy Son came down from heaven,
If thou the Spirit's might restrain.

3 Here be his sacred influence felt,
With searching, cleansing, quickening fore
Till souls of millstone hardness melt,
And flow like waters from their source.

4 Convinced and humbled in the dust,
Beneath the burden of our guilt,
We own thy law's dread sentence just,
But plead the blood of pardon spilt.

5 Thy Spirit witness with that blood,
And Christ, our Saviour, glorify—
While we, as children born of God,
With rapture, "Abba! Father!" cry.

ADDRESSES TO THE SPIRIT.

207 S. M. H

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise—
Dispel the sorrows from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wandering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

4 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

208 C. M. Wa

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
And that shall kindle ours.

99 7s. SACRED.

GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me Lord, for ever thine.

210 L. M. C. W

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn hea
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vexed and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all whoe'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev

4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only wo I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand;
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

211 C. M. PRATT'S C

ETERNAL Spirit! God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire:
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire:

2 'T is thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear opprest;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Thee with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

212 S. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine:
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 O! melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

213 L. M. BEDDOME.

COME, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

214. L. P. M., or 6 8s. PREST. DAVIS.

ETERNAL Spirit, Source of light—
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
Our souls refine, our dross consume—
Come, condescending Spirit, come.

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark



S. M. C. WESLEY.

SPIRIT of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God—
Make thou to us Christ's Godhead known,
Apply his precious blood:
His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see
Jesus (who did for sinners die)
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the vail away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God."

216 7s. REED.

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine—
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy *Spirit, all* divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;

Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

217 C. M. HARVIES.

GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
All gloom and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us for ever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
With joy we then shall feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

218 S. M. BEDDOME.

COME, Spirit, Source of light;
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—
The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.

3 Thy teachings make us know
The myst'ries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

...file through this maze we stray,
...spread thy beams abroad;
...oint out the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

69 7s. PLIM. COLL.

HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!
From Thy clear celestial hight,
Come, Thou Light of all that live!
Thy pure beaming radiance give!

2 Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come with treasures which endure;
Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast.

3 Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of wo;
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

4 Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine;
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay.

5 Heal our wounds—our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Guide the steps that go astray.

6 Give us comfort when we die;
Give us life with Thee on high;
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give us joys which never end.

Great Distributer of grace,
Rest upon this congregation:
Hear, oh! hear our supplication.

2 From that hight which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend:
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O thou Glory, shinning down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination;
Rest on all this congregation.

3 Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Now descending from above,
Rest on all this congregation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

IX.—THE CHURCH.

22 C. M. WATTS.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates—I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair:
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

HOW pleasant—how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are;
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set

S. M. DWIGHT.

/E thy kingdom, Lord,
ne house of thine abode,
church our blest Redeemer bought
ith his own precious blood.

love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given,
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

225 8s. & 7s. NEWTON

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.



2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight:
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

126 L. M. WATTS.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace:
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way,
From all the assaults of hell and sin:
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

S. M. WATTS.

GREAT is the Lord, our God,
And let his praise be great:
He makes the churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone!
How fair his heavenly grace!

3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there;
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God has kept the fold
Where his own flock has been.

5 In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair
Recall to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

228 8s. 7s. & 4. KELLY.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion—
What a favor'd lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish:
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

FAR as thy name is k
The world declares
Thy saints, O Lord, befc
Their songs of honor rai

2 With joy thy people stan
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of
And counsels of thy w

3 Let strangers walk arou
The city where we dw
Compass and view thy h
And mark the building

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy cou
The cheerful songs, the s

C. M. WATTS.

oul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts;
Heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 Here the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place—
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 Here, mighty God, thy works declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercies here,
And sing thy praises still.

231 S. M. WATTS.

HOW honored is the place
Where we adoring stand—
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the eternal gates.
The doors wide open fling—
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

32 L. M. C. Wesley.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake—
No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliv'rer calls—Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

33 L. M. Doddridge.

TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer:
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

234 C. M. WATTS

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One blessing, Lord, my heart desires;
O, grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still;
Still hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may thy children hide
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam!
All the wide world, to either
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abo
And rove, my soul, no mo

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy r
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark, shall ride the sea c
Then rest on Zion's hill.

3 Thou who hast laid within the grave,
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Believe their spirits now are near,
For angels wait while God is here.

4 Thou who hast dear ones far away,
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.

5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near;
The troubled spirit meets Him here.

DEDICATION.

237 L. M. WILLIS.

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea—the sky—and "all was good;"
And when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, and house for Thee;
But in Thy *sight our* off'ring stands—
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

AND will the great eter
On earth establish his
And will he from his radi
Regard our temples as his

2 We bring the tribute of ou
And sing that condescendi
Which to our notes will le
And call us sinful mortals

3 Our Father's watchful car
Which guards our house of
That no tumultuous foes i
To fill the worshipers with

4 These walls we to thy hon
Long may they echo with
And thou, descending, fill
With choicest tokens of th

[illegible], and here,
[illegible], let Thy children's prayer,
In contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

Here be Thy praise devoutly sung:
Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, Thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

And when the lips, that with Thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

7s. MONTG.

LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Ere to meet for praise and prayer.

Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here in hope of

241 L. M. MON

WHEN here, O Lord, we seek Thy face
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling plac
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

2 When here thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

3 When children's voices raise the song—
Hosanna! to their heavenly King—
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;
Hosanna! let their angels sing.

4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient Guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

5 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

242 C. M. DODDRID

ETERNAL source of every good,
Before thy throne we bow,
And bless thee for thy gifts bestowed
On pilgrims here below.

2 Our hearts and hands hast thou incline
To raise this house of prayer;
O may we seek and ever find
Thy gracious presence here.

3 Lord, may thy heralds long proclaim
The wonders of thy grace,
And sinners taught to fear thy name,
Abundantly increase.

4 Here may thy children sweetly feed
On manna sent from heaven,
Drink freely at the fountain-head,
Whence living streams are given.

5 Here let our offspring and their sons,
Be of the Saviour blest;
And thus while time its circuit runs,
Find here a settled rest.

6 To the eternal, sacred Three,
The great mysterious One,
Now may this house devoted be,
To thee, and thee alone.

243 L. M. NORTON.

WHERE ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall!
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are Thy temples, God of all!

2 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by Thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where Thine own words of love are taught.

3 Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith Thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears, through weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

4 Nor we alone; may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to Thee still holier prayers.

244 C. M. KNOW

O GOD, though countless worlds of
Thy power and glory show,
Though round thy throne, above all hi
Immortal seraphs glow—

2 Yet, Lord, where'er thy saints apart
Are met for praise and prayer—
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,
Thou, gracious God, art there.

3 With grateful joy, thy children rear
This temple, Lord, to thee;
Long may they sing thy praises here,
And here thy beauty see.

4 Here, Saviour, deign thy saints to mee
With peace their hearts to fill;
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,
May grace divine distil.

5 Here may thy truth fresh triumphs wi
Eternal Spirit, here,
In many a heart now dead in sin,
A living temple rear.

THE BIBLE.

245 C. M. RIPPON'S C

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To lead our souls to heaven.

Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

246 C. M. STEELE.

FATHER of mercies in thy word
What endless glory shines;
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

ivine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

STENNETT.

C. M.

7 THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold,
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied;
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

C

C. M.

248 THE Spirit breathes upon the wor
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives—but borrows none.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine,
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

249 L. M. WATTS.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun—the changing light,
And night and day thy power confess.
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round all the earth—and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light—or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure—thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse *my* sins—my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

250 C. M. WATTS

GREAT God, with wonder and with pra
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies:
Here my desires are satisfied;
And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
The pardon of my sin.

251 L. P. M., or 6 8s. SP. OF THE PSA

COME, all ye servants of the Lord,
And praise him for his sacred word—
That word, like manna, sent from heaven
To all who seek it, freely given;
Its promises our fears remove,
And fill our hearts with joy and love.

2 It tells us, though oppressed with cares,
The God of mercy hears our prayers;
Though steep and rough th' appointed w
His mighty arm shall be our stay;
Though deadly foes assail our peace,
His power shall bid their malice cease.

3 It tells who first inspired our breath,
And who redeemed our souls from death;
It tells of grace so freely given,
And shows the path to God and heaven:
O bless we, then, our gracious Lord
For all the treasures of his word!

S. M. MONTG.

THY word, Almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword
To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life,
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The Gospel's glorious sound,
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

253 C. M. WATTS.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord;
And not a ray of hope appears,
But in Thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost ev'ry page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My *guide to everlasting* life,
Through all this gloomy vale.



254 C. M. BARTON.

LAMP of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the Fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveler's way!

2 Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
True manna from on high!
Our guide, our chart! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky!

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay!

4 Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope, when we go down to dust,
Of immortality!

255 L. P. M., or 6 8s. WATTS.

I LOVE the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 't is thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

3 *Who* knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,

GOD, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'T is shown in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart and near mine eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

257 L. M. WAT

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord
Thy hands have brought salvation down
And writ the blessing in thy word.

2 In vain our trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair our spirit breaks,
Till we apply to thee alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind thy Gospel to my heart.

THE MINISTRY.

258 L. M. LUTH. C

THUS spake the Saviour, when he sent
His ministers to preach his word;
They through the world obedient went,
And spread the gospel of their Lord.

2 "Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive,
The gospel jubilee proclaim,
And call them to repent and live.

3 "The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

4 "Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That you're commissioned from above.

5 "Freely from me ye have received;
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And by your labor sinners live."

6 Happy those servants of the Lord
Who thus their Master's will obey;
How rich, how full is their reward,
Reserved until the final day.

259 S. M. WATTS.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.



6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

260 S. M. C. WESLEY.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great;
The laborers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God;

4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

5 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.

6 On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven
That thou hast died for all.

261 C. M. DODDRIDGE

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled the Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—
For souls which must for ever live
In raptures or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there,
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear!

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

262 L. M. C. WESLEY.

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Go, into every nation, go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare,
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there.

4 The Lord your God shall quickly come,
Sinners repent, the call obey;
Open your hearts to make him room,
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.



5 The Lord shall clear his way through all,
What'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

6 The glory of the Lord displayed,
Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

263 S. M. C. WESLEY

HARK, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand:
Go forth to glorious war!

2 See on the mountain top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call;
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh!
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ, your head,
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesus' name.



264 C. M. Q. W.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given,
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power in strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'T is all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

265 L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire—
With holy seal your hearts inspire;

Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet—with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all

266 8s. 7s. & 4. KELLY.

MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth:
Go—proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings—
Tidings of the Saviour's worth.

2 Of his gospel not ashamed—
'T is the power of God to save;
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave:
Blessed freedom!—
Freedom Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Born afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
He is with you—
He will guide you to the end.

267 L. M. J. WESLEY

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys—or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

18 7s. MARSDEN.

GO, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And the oppressed for ever weep.

3 O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.

GO—messenger of peace and love!
To nations plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be Thine to shed celestial light.

2 Go—to the hungry food impart;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide,
And lead the thirsty, panting heart,
Where streams of living waters glide.

3 Go—bid the bright and morning star,
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine
And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

4 To India's various castes proclaim
The Gospel's soft, but powerful voice;
And, at the blest Redeemer's name,
Let ocean's lonely isles rejoice.

[illegible] east to west.

v'd by pow'r divine
full salvation here,
in in Jesus' praise we join,
and in his sight appear.

What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we pass'd!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last;
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love:
And still he does his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming pow'r,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain:
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

A CONFERENCE HYMN.

8s. & 5s. HUNTER.

WHEN the holy fire descended
On the apostle's head;
All their souls in one were blended—
All their feuds were dead:
Who should hold the highest station—
Never thought of then—
But to preach the great salvation
To *their fellow-men.*

2 Earthly pleasure, wealth and glory,
All they counted loss:
Burned to tell the wondrous story
Of the reeking cross:
How the Lord of glory suffered;
How the Lamb was slain;
How his soul for sin was offered:
How he rose again.

3 How his blood, for sin atoning,
Makes the guilty pure:
How the sinner, sick and groaning,
Finds in him a cure;
How the mourners, broken-hearted,
From their sorrows cease:
How believers, when departed,
Rest with him in peace.

4 Lord, again bestow that unction,
Grant our hearts' desire:
Give us for our holy function,
Cloven tongues of fire:
With the blessing Pentecostal,
Crown this solemn hour;
And let each, like an apostle,
Be endowed with power.

272 8s. & 7s. SIGOURNEY.

ONWARD, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the Gospel's banner high;
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky.
Send it where the pilgrim-stranger
Faints 'neath Asia's scorching ray;
Bid the red browed forest ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

[redacted]

MINISTRY.

...ntic ocean thunders,
...tropics fiercely glow,
...nd its page of wonders,
...ld its radiance flow.
...its luster stealing,
...Greenland loves its rays,
...ier deserts kneeling,
...atnight strain of praise.

...ch, or grim in feature,
...dirt tho' they be,
...ght to every creature,
...rassal—bond or free.
...ste to every nation,
...ll the ranks supply,
...rist is your salvation,
...death is victory.

L. M. J. WESLEY.

...of men, thy searching eye
...my inmost thoughts descry!
...on earth my wishes raise,
...'s pleasure, or its praise?

...Christ doth me constrain
...wandering souls of men,
...ntreaties, tears, to save,
...hem from the gaping grave.

...men revile my name;
...hun, I fear no shame;
...proach! and welcome, pain!
...rrors, Lord, restrain.

...blood, I here present,
...uth they may be spent;
...overeign counsel, Lord;
done, thy name adored.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power:
Then let winds blow, and thunders roar:
Thy faithful witness will I be;
'T is fixed, I can do all through thee.

274 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And still his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang th' apostles' honor'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In humbler forms, before our eyes,
Pastors and teachers hence arise.

3 From Christ they all their gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live:
While, guarded by his mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow
Pastors and people shout thy praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

275 L. M. J. WESLEY

HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleased their toils to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move:
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labor of his love.

3 See where the servants of the Lord,
A busy multitude, appear:
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
His heritage they toil to clear.

4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands;
They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

5 Jesus their toil delighted sees;
Their industry vouchsafes to crown:
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promised blessing down.

276 S. M. C. WESLEY.

AND let our bodies part—
To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below:
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end;

5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

THE SABBATH.

277 C. M. WATTS.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made—
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord—descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise,
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

278 S. M. WATTS.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place,
Where God, my God, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

179 L. M. PROT. E. COLL.

MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest:
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

7s. NEWTON.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise:
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners—comfort saints:
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

281 C. M. LYLE.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer—
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! oh deign to dwell
Within thy church below:
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

282 C. M. C. WESLEY.

MAY I, throughout this day of thine,
Be in thy Spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above,
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

283 S. M. BULFINCH.

HAIL to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And *bless thy love*, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

thou art not alone,
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own,
When man draws near to God—

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

WATTS.

L. M.

284 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing:
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 Some never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Dooms them to everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired and wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

285 C. M. BROWNE.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 There we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly luster shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

286 L. M. STENNETT.

AGAIN our weekly labors end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend;
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever blest.

2 This day let our devotions rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And God that peace divine bestow
Which none but they who feel it know.

3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest
Which for the sons of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end.

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287 C. M. BARBAULD.

O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here,
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs
And leaves the temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of my soul.

5 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts;
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;
Nor sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

289 C. M. KELLY.

AND now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day he rose, who bore our sins,
For so his word records.

2 Hark! how the angels sweetly sing!—
Their voices fill the sky—
They hail their great victorious King,
And welcome him on high.

3 We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
Their joys O may we feel;
Our thankful song with them we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.

4 Come, then, ye saints, and grateful sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord;
Of Christ, the everlasting King,
Of Christ, th' incarnate Word.

5 Hail, mighty Saviour, thee we hail!
High on thy throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

290 C. M. CODMAN'S COLL.

BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise;
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

4 This day I must to God appear;
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

291 L. P. M., or 6 8s. WES. COLL.

GREAT God, this hallowed day of thine
Demands our soul's collected powers;
May we employ in works divine
These solemn and devoted hours:
O may our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
Where God resides, appear no more;
Omniscient Lord, thy piercing eye
Doth every secret thought explore;
O may thy grace our thoughts refine,
And fix our hearts on things divine.

292 C. M. EDMESTON.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more?

293 8s. & 7s. ANON.

HALLELUJAH! Lord, our voices
Rise in choral strains to thee:
Son of man, thy church rejoices
In her weekly jubilee.

2 Hallelujah! mercy, beaming,
Lights the path that leads to God:
Herald lips, divinely teeming,
Publish blessings bought with blood.



3 Hallelujah! praise ascending,
Shall our faith-wing'd breathing stay?
Lord, before thine altar bending,
Let the heathen hail the day!

4 Hallelujah! Saviour, hear us!
Downward send thy quickening Dove;
May his silver pinions bear us
To the realms of rest and love.

294 L. M. DORSEY.

COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our Sabbath's here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

295 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope—and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue—no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No [redacted] to break the long repose:
No midnight shade—no clouded sun—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

296 7s. SMITH.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.



297 C. M. HOSKINS.

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all who now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word,
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Here let thy power and grace be felt,
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, O Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.

5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

6 This house with grace and glory fill,
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal,
Thy glorious righteousness.

298 L. M. WATTS.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

3 I have been there, and still would go,
'T is like the dawn of heaven below;
Not all that careless sinners say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine,
That finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

99. 7s. MONTE.

TO thy temple we repair:
Lord, we love to worship there;
There within the vail we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, unloose our tongue:
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn,



That at evening we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

300 L. M. COWPER.

JESUS where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

301 L. M. WATTS

AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat,
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We bow before thee and adore;
We view the glories of thy face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn,
United prayers ascend on high,
And faith expects a sure return
Of blessings in variety.

4 Father, my soul would here abide,
Or, if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep me, Father, near thy side,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

302 L. M. FAWCETT.

THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy,
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

303 C. M. WERT.

ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

How sweet the Sabbath thus to spe
In hope of that which ne'er shall er

287 C. M. Bax

O FATHER, though the anxious fe
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here,
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs
And leaves the temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that strea
From this celestial morn.

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On this thy day, in this thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

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This day he rose, who bore our sins,
For so his word records.

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Their voices fill the sky—
They hail their great victorious King,
And welcome him on high.

3 We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
Their joys O may we feel;
Our thankful song with them we'll raise,
And *emulate* their zeal.

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High on thy throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

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The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

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His rising thee did raise;
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

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To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

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2 I have been there, and still would go,
'T is like the dawn of heaven below;
Not all that careless sinners say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine,
That finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

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There within the vail we meet
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Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

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While we tremble at thy law,
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Let our hearts within us burn,

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Shall our faith-wing'd breathing stay?
Lord, before thine altar bending,
Let the heathen hail the day!

4 Hallelujah! Saviour, hear us!
Downward send thy quickening Dove;
May his silver pinions bear us
To the realms of rest and love.

294 L. M. DORSEY.

COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our Sabbath's here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

295 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope—and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue—no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose:
No midnight shade—no clouded sun—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we lov
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire

296 7s. 8s

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall clos

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come
And, going, take thee to their home

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

301 L. M. V

AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retr
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy th

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We bow before thee and adore;
We view the glories of thy face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow

302 L. M. FAWCETT.

THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy,
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

303 C. M. WEST.

ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose:
To each thy blessings suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.

L. M. WATTS.

304 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O! warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

C. M. LUTH. Co

305 JESUS, thou dear redeeming Lord
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power,
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God,
And let us see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The hardness of our hearts remove,
Thou who for sin hast died;
Show us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

306 C. M. PRATT'S COL.

BEHOLD us, Lord, with humble fear
Approach thy temple gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait.

2 But trusting in thy boundless grace,
To all so freely given,
We worship in thy holy place,
And lift our souls to heaven.

3 Lead us in all thy righteous ways,
Nor let our footsteps slide;
Make straight thy path before our face,
Our guardian still and guide.

4 No more to sin, Lord, let us yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and covered with the shield
Of thy almighty love.

307 C. M. C. WESLEY.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing,
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free,
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf—his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ:
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto him, ye nations—own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone—
Be justified by grace.

C. M. MONTG.

308

SING we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear,
One Shepherd and one fold.

oil, trial, suffering still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The church triumphant's son

4 Worthy the Lamb, for sinners
Cry the redeemed above—
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.

5 Worthy the Lamb! on earth w
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O death, where is
Thy victory, O grave?

6 Then hallelujah! power and p
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem
Renew the strain in heaven.

309 L. M.

JESUS, thou everlasting Kin
Accept the tribute which w
Accept thy well deserved renov
And wear our praises as thy cr

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to th
Like the blest hour when from
We first received the pledge of

3 The gladness of that happy da
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its ho
Nor hope decline, nor love gro

4 Each following minute as it fli
Increase thy praise, improve o

Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

310 C. M. N

O LORD, our languid souls inspir
For here we trust thou art;
Kindle a flame of heavenly fire
In every waiting heart.

2 Show us some tokens of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise,
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience e
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow,
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken sinners all around
To come and fill the place.

311 7s. 1

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repo
No midnight shade—no clouded
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our longing souls aspire
With cheerful hope, and strong

296 7s.

SOFTLY fades the twilight
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course i

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4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the sk
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee
Till in heaven our souls repos
Where the Sabbath ne'er sha



The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

313 C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

ALMIGHTY God, eternal Lord,
Thy gracious power make known:
Touch, by the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
O let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
The Spirit, Lord, in mercy send,
And give us ears to hear.

314 C. M. ANON.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thine awful seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest:
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

315 C. P. M., or 4 8s. & 2 6s. MEDLEY.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth—
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

3 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend—
Triumphant in his grace.

316 7s. WES. COLL.

LORD and God of heavenly powers,
Theirs, yet O benignly ours,
Glorious King—let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy name.

Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

301 L. M. WATTS

AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat,
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We bow before thee and adore;
We view the glories of thy face,



2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

319 L. M. C. WESLEY.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Thine own immortal strength put on;
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 As in the ancient days, appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now,
It wants not now the power to save;
Still *present* with thy people, thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.

3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest
Which for the sons of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end.

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287 C. M. BARBAULD.

O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here,
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs
And leaves the temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of my soul.

5 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts;
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity.

288 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;
Nor sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

289 C. M. KELLY.

AND now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day he rose, who bore our sins,
For so his word records.

2 Hark! how the angels sweetly sing!—
Their voices fill the sky—
They hail their great victorious King,
And welcome him on high.

3 We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
Their joys O may we feel;
Our thankful song with them we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.



Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire,
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesus' name.

323 C. M. WATTS.

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory ring.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His bounty to the skies;
Through the whole earth his goodness shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes, the creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord,
How slow thine anger moves;
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

324 C. M. C. WESLEY.

COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise;
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace, we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin:
In sure and blessed hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love!

325 8s. & 7s.. BURDER'S COLL.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator,
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

326 11s. & 8s. MONTG.

BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 The Lord, he is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator, and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his scepter we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

327 8. & 8s. HART.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:

2 'T is Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

328 6 8s. WATT

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind,
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

329 H. M. 4 6s. & 2 8s. C. WESLEY.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven:
No other help is found,
No other name is given,

By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love;
'T is all their happiness to gaze,
'T is heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'T is music in his ears,
'T is life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 O unexampled love!
O all redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Saviour died.

330 S. M. D

NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

traight the path appears,
r open and how fair!
:king gins to entrap our feet;
lurce destroyer there.

)wers of Paradise
ich profusion spring:
un of glory gilds the path,
l dear companions sing.

lem's golden spires
beauteous prospect rise;
righter crowns than mortals wear,
ich sparkle through the skies.

mer to his name,
e marks the shining way!
m who leads the wanderers on,
realms of endless day!

8s. & 7s. ANON.

l the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
e him, angels in the hight;
noon, rejoice before him;
im, all ye stars of night.

Lord, for he hath spoken!
his mighty voice obeyed;
ch never can be broken,
r guidance he hath made.

Lord, for he is glorious,
hall his promise fail;
made his saints victorious,
death shall not prevail.

Lord of our salvation,
n high his power proclaim;
nd earth, and all creation,
nd magnify his name.



332 L. M. MONTG

SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Blest be that name supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in him that trust.

5 Servants of God, in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

333 L. M. HOLMES

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life thy wakening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

6 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired and wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

285 C. M. BRO

FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 There we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly luster shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

286 L. M. STENNETT.

AGAIN our weekly labors end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend;
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever blest.

2 This day let our devotions rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And God that peace divine bestow
Which none but they who feel it know.

4 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

HAMMOND.

S. M.

335

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

L. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below;
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfill thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own—
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move—
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white:
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
Thy glorious, spotless Church below.

6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And O, my God, may I be one!

337 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.



2 See the fair way his hand hath made,
How peaceful and how plain;
The simplest trav'ler shall not err,
Nor seek the road in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Safety, support, and heavenly joy,
Through all the way are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Along the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And city of your God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While pain, and sorrow, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

6 Proceed in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still,
And let the prospect cheer your eyes,
While you ascend the hill.

338 C. M. WATTS.

IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he here reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

339 7s. TURNER.

LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our heart with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known,
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with sacred songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

340 S. M. STENNETT.

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unvails the glories of his face,
And sheds his love abroad.

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold thee sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To thee our prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
O! listen to our broken sighs,
And grant us all our wants.

5 Give us, O Lord! a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of our God.

341 C. M. MONTG.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say—"Behold, he prays."

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

342 7s. HAMD

LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow:

Oh, do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain!

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mour
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and ho

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

343 L. M.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to g
Long as they live should Christians
They learn to pray when first the

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every case still watch and pray

3 'T is prayer supports the soul that's
Though thought be broken, langu
Pray if thou canst, or canst not spe
But pray with faith in Jesus' nam

4 Depend on him—thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail,
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

344 S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

MY God, my prayer attend;
O, bow thine ear to me,
Without a hope, without a friend,
Without a help, but thee.

2 O, guard my soul around,
Which loves and trusts thy grace;
Nor let the powers of hell confound
The hopes on thee I place.

3 Thy mercy I entreat;
Let mercy hear my cries,
While, humbly waiting at thy seat,
My daily prayers arise.

4 O, bid my heart rejoice,
And every fear control,
Since at thy throne, with suppliant voice
To thee I lift my soul.

345 C. M. BEDDOME.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant can not fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

346 C. M. NEWTON.

GREAT shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our feeble hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
The contrite heart bestow:
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith address our prayers;
And in the presence of the Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may thy gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by grace divine,
Awaken many sinners round,
And bend their wills to thine.



347 C. M. JUDSON.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallow'd be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

348 L. P. M., or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, thou sov'reign Lord of all—
The same through one eternal day—
Attend thy feeblest foll'wer's call,
And O, instruct us how to pray!
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face.

2 We can not think a gracious thought,
We can not feel a good desire,
Till thou, who callest worlds from naught,
The power into our hearts inspire:
And then we in the Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.

3 Come in thy pleading Spirit down
To us who for thy coming stay;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one—
We ask the constant power to pray;
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

349 C. M. PLYM. COLL.

SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows:
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, untrembling love, inspires,
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Heard by no human ear,
When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 Nor accents flow, nor words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But listening spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

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350 L. M. COWPER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw:
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The *weakest saint* upon his knees.

S. M. NEWTON.

BEHOLD the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow—
Thy presence and thy love—
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach us to live by faith,
Conform our wills to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4 If thou these blessings give,
And thou our portion be,
All worldly joys we'll gladly leave,
To find our heaven in thee.

352 S. M. C. WESLEY.

PRAY, without ceasing, pray,
Your Captain gives the word:
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord;
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint:
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

2 In fellowship—alone—
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his thron
With all the power of prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.



From strength to strength go on:
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers—Come,
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conqu'rors home.

353 C. M. NEWTON.

APPROACH, my soul! the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer:
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell Him -- Thou hast died.

5 Oh! wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

354 C. M. C. WESLEY.

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The spirit of interceding grace,
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow;
Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let thee go.

5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

L. P. M., or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

355

O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell th' almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays:
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out—Let me alone!

2 Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise, the wicked to consume;
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It can not seal the sinner's doom:
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare.

3 Father, we ask in Jesus' name;
In Jesus' power and spirit pray;
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim;
O turn thy threat'ning wrath away!

Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pard'ning love.

4 Father, regard thy pleading Son;
Accept his all-availing prayer;
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honor of our Spokesman there:
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

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356 L. M. STOWELL.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'T is found beneath the mercy seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat.



357 7s. C. WESLEY.

LIGHT of life—seraphic fire—
Love divine—thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Son of God, appear! appear!
To thy human temples come.

3 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require—
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our hearts' desire—
All our joy, and all our peace.

358 L. M. C. WESLEY.

O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

2 The King of nations we proclaim:
Who would not our great Sovereign fear?
We long t' experience all thy name,
And now we come to meet thee here.

3 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving kindness wait;
And, oh, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

4 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh;
To thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And, lo, we see descend from high,
The pillar and the flame of fire.

5 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill,
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.

6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general church above.
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

359 C. M. MRS. STEELE.

COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While with our praises and complaints
We bow before thy throne.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 But, ah, the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How cold the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth, appear.

5 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.



360 S. M. ANON.

ONCE more we meet to pray,
Once more our guilt confess;
Turn not, O Lord, thine ear away
From creatures in distress.

2 Our sins to heaven ascend,
And there for vengeance cry;
O God, behold the sinner's Friend,
Who intercedes on high.

3 Though we are vile indeed,
And well deserve thy curse,
The merits of thy son we plead,
Who lived and died for us.

4 Now let thy bosom yearn,
As it hath done before;
Return to us, O God, return,
And ne'er forsake us more.

361 C. M. MORE.

ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer,
To thee our souls we lift,
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom:—Lord impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

362 C. M. MONT

GOD of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see,—
Truth in the inward parts:—

2 Give deep humility;—the sense
Of godly sorrow give;—
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live;—

3 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ, on Christ alone;—

4 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting soul to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

5 Give these,—add then thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

363 7s. NEWT

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore, will not say thee nay.



2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

364 S. M. C. WESLEY.

THE praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress'd;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:

Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

365 S. M. MONTG.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come, thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by the word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall forever be
Glory and power divine,
The scepter, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
"All for his sake be done."

366 C. M. MRS. STEELE.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.



2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free!
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's en .'

367 7s. C. WESLEY.

GOD of Love, who hearest prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us, in the prosp'rous hour,
From the flatt'ring tempter's power;
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honor at thy feet.

4 Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

5 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

368 H. M., or 4 6s. & 2 8s. O. S. PERR.

COME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid thy rivals flee:

Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

2 Exert thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour
Bring all thy graces in:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

3 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

4 Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

369 L. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

2 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand:
Only on thee for help I call,
Only by faith in thee I stand.

370 7s. NEWTON.

LORD, I can not let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not *turn* away thy face,
Mine 's an urgent, pressing case.



2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou knowest my name:
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy:
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer:
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

6 No, I must maintain my hold,
'T is thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

371 L. M. C. WESLEY.

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its Source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

2 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of mercy shine;
O let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

With thee let every week begin;
With thee each day be spent;
To thee each fleeting hour be given,
Since each by thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease;
Till heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

3 L. P. M., or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

O GOD of our forefathers, hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known;
To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,
In whom thy smiling face we see,
In whom thou art well pleased with me.

With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,
Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that speaks abo
On us let all thy grace be shown:
Peace, righteousness, and joy, an
Thy kingdom—come to every heart,
And all thou hast, and all thou art.

374 L. M. C.

O THOU, our Saviour, Brother, Fri
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascen
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go
And guide into thy perfect will;
[illegible] name to know

5 S. M. HAWKER'S COLL.

ONCE more, before we part,
O bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name:
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

376 C. M. STEELE.

PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call—
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.

2 All I can wish is thine to give:
My God, I ask thy love—
That greatest boon I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.

3 While sin and Satan join their art
To keep me from my Lord,
O Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.



4 Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or spreads the fatal snare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms;
For safety must be there.

5 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend;
In thee I'm ever blest.

377 S. M. FITCH.

LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon Thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear
We would Thy will pursue;
And toil to spread Thy kingdom here.
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the Only Wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.—PRAYER MEETING.

378 S. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name;

Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside;
And worldly thoughts forget:
We meet the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet, on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art,
But, O, thyself reveal;
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel:
O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

379 10s. & 11s. C. WESLEY.

APPOINTED by thee, we meet in thy name,
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb,
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain

2 Rejoicing in hope, we humbly go on,
And daily take up the pledge of our crown,
In doing and bearing the will of our Lord,
We still are preparing to meet our reward.

3 O Jesus, appear—no longer delay
To sanctify here, and bear us away;
The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
Triumphantly *sitting in* glory with thee.



380 C. M. ANON.

O COULD I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

381 S. M. WATTS.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The God that rules on high,
And all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas—

3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

4 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

32 7s. CENNICK.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing,
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad,
Christ our advocate is made,
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren—joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we *still will follow* thee.

For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice ful
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel po
While by our Shepherd's sid
The sheep he never can devou
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and
And keep us one in thee.



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness,
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

5 L. M. ANON.

MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, my soul I humbly bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

And these dry bones shall
Speak peace into our hearts,
"The Holy Ghost receive.

5 Whom now we seek, O may
Jesus, the crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands
Thou who for us hast died

389 S. M.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our
Let all the saints below th
Their humble praises bri

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his car
Preserves us safe from sin
And every hurtful snar

3 He will present our souls,



390 C. M. NEWTON.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures:
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine,
But God who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

391 10s. & 11s. NEWTON.

BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since He is my
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures al
The word He has spoken shall surely prevai

3 His love, in times past, forbids me to thin
He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite th

4 Why should I complain of want and distr
Temptation or pain? He told me no less,
The heirs of salvation, I know from his wor
Through much tribulation must follow their

5 Since all that I meet shall work for my go
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food:
Though painful at present, 't will cease befor
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's so

392 C. M. C. Wes

LIFT up your hearts to things above
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name:

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our friend!

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down:
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love\



5 Let all who for the promise wait:
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live!

6 Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home,
Go on—we'll meet you there.

13 C. M. WATTS.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love—
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

14 C. M. STEELE.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue,
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.



2 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame:
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

3 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

395 10s. M. E. COLL.

IN boundless mercy, gracious Lord, appear,
Darkness dispel, the humble mourner cheer,
Vain thoughts remove, melt down this flinty heart,
Cause every soul to choose the better part.

2 Thy presence fills the universal space;
Thy grace appears to all the fallen race;
O visit us with light and life divine,
Fill every soul, for every soul is thine.

3 The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my love;
He is my King, from him I would not move;
Away, then all ye objects that divert,
Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.

4 That uncreated beauty which hath gained
My ravished heart, hath all your glory stained;
His loveliness my soul hath prepossessed,
And left no room for any other guest.

396 P. M. S. W. WIDNEY.

FAITHFULLY, faithfully, soldier fight on,
Soon will the vict'ry through Jesus be won;
Never a battle your leader has lost—
Faithfully, faithfully, stand to your post.



CLASS MEETING.

2 Tempest-tost mariner unfurl thy sails,
Jesus will fill them with heavenly gales:
Soon you'll cast anchor in heaven's broad bay—
Faithfully, faithfully hold on thy way.

3 Faithfully, faithfully, pilgrim press on,
Soon will your wearisome journey be done;
Soon will you reach your bright home in the skies,
Faithfully, faithfully, press to the prize.

4 Faithfully, faithfully, mourner pray on,
Soon will the clouds that hang o'er thee be gone;
Soon will thy darkness be turned into day;
Faithfully, faithfully, watch thou and pray.

5 Watchman of Zion, oh lift up thy voice,
Say to the faithful in Israel rejoice;
Call the poor sinner from ruin's dread verge,
Faithfully, faithfully, God's message urge.

CLASS MEETING.

97 L. M. STENNETT.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 'There,' says the Saviour, 'will I be
Amid that little company:
To them unvail my smiling face,
And shed my glory round the place.'

We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
O send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.



398 S. M. WATTS.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

399 C. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke—
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee, inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind,
That was in thee receive.

400 7s. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depth of love express,
All the hights of holiness.

6 Let us then, with joy, remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

401 C. M. WATTS.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

402 C. M. C. WESLEY.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless:
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.



4 Help us to build each other up:
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

103 L. M. MONTG.

JESUS, our best beloved Friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 On thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be;
Pardon and sanctify us all,
Let each thy full salvation see.

3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts, our hearts are thine—
Accept the service of our hands.

4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we thy blessed will obey,
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting place
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.



404 S. M. C. WESLEY.

SAVIOUR of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name:
Thy mighty name hath been
Our safeguard and our tower,
Hath saved us from the world and sin,
And all th' accuser's power.

2 Jesus, take all the praise,
That still on earth we live,
Unspotted in so foul a place,
And innocently grieve:
We shall from Sodom flee,
When perfected in love,
And haste to better company,
Who wait for us above.

3 Awhile in flesh disjoined,
Our friends that went before
We soon in Paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more;
In yon thrice-happy seat,
Waiting for us they are;
And thou shalt there a husband meet,
And I a parent there.

405 C. M. C. WESLEY.

ALL-praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up,
And gathered into one,
To our high-calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

ift which he on one bestows,
all delight to prove,
race through every vessel flows,
urest streams of love.

ow, we think and speak the same,
cordially agree,
l all through Jesus' name
erfect harmony.

our fellowship below
esus be so sweet,
hight of rapture shall we know,
n round his throne we meet!

C. M. C. WESLEY

NG of beings, God of love,
) thee our hearts we raise,
ll-sustaining power we prove,
gladly sing thy praise.

, wholly thine, we pant to be,
sacrifice receive;
and preserved, and saved by thee,
hee ourselves we give.

nward our every wish aspires
ll thy mercy's store;
)le return thy love requires,
at we ask for more.

ore we ask—we open then
hearts t' embrace thy will;
and beget us, Lord, again,
1 all thy fullness fill.

Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
l in our hearts abroad;
ll we ever live and move,
be with Christ in God.



407 C. M. SWAIN.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and fond esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

408 C. M. WATTS.

WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.



3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

109 L. M. MONTG.

WHEN those who feared the Lord of old,
Met oft, and spake with one accord,
A book was written, and enrolled
Their faithful names before the Lord.

2 They shall be mine, Jehovah said,
And as a signet on my hand,
A crown of glory for my head,
Among my chosen jewels stand.

3 And I will spare them in that day,
E'en as a father spares his son,
When all the proud are swept away,
The wicked, root and branch, undone.

4 Lord, we are taught thy name to fear—
O may we tremble to offend;
Lord, we are taught to serve thee here—
May we be faithful to the end.

5 Our names are on thy church's rolls,
But in thy book our pardon write:
Rich was the ransom of our souls,
May they be precious in thy sight.



410 L. P. M., or 6 8s. J. WESLEY.

THOUGH waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn;
Steadfast on this my soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

2 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
When heart shall fail, and flesh decay,
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

LOVEFEAST.

411 L. M. J. WESLEY.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
Of any other love but thine.



5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul:
Possess it, thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

112 7s. C. WESLEY.

FATHER, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee:
Draw us by thy grace alone,
Give, O give us to thy Son!

2 Jesus, friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be joined;
Each to each unite and bless,
Keep us still in perfect peace!

3 Heavenly, all alluring Dove,
Shed thy overshadowing love;
Love, the sealing grace, impart;
Dwell within our single heart!

4 Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost;
Let us in thine image rise;
Give us back our Paradise!

113 C. M. C. WESLEY.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join,
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

414 L. M. HARROD'S COLL.

NOW we are met in holy fear,
To hear converted souls declare,
The rich compassions of our God,
The virtues of our Saviour's blood.

2 Jesus, assist them here, to tell
What they have felt and now they feel;
O Saviour, help them to express
The wonders of triumphant grace.

3 While to the church they freely own
What for their souls the Lord hath done,
We join to praise eternal love,
And highten all the joys above.



15 7s. NEWTON.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In Thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Spare us, that we may, ere long,
Meet and worship Thee again.

16 7s. C. WESLEY.

COME, thou high and lofty Lord,
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word:
Humbly stoop to earth again;
Come, and visit abject man.
Jesus, dear expected guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast:
For thyself, our hearts prepare;
Come, and sit, and banquet there.

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy great name:
In the midst do thou appear;
Manifest thy presence here.
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Thou thyself within us move:
Make our feast a feast of love.



417 L. M. NEWTON.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give.

2 May he by whose kind care we meet
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4 We'll talk of all he did and said
And suffered for us here below,
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
Then hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

418 S. M. FAWCETT.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.



3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear:

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
To all eternity.

419 C. M. C. WESLEY.

GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
By thy atoning blood.

2 Rebuke our rage, our passions chide,
Our stubborn will control;
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
And calm our troubled soul.

3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,
Its enmity destroy;
With cords of love our spirits bind,
And melt us into joy.

4 Us into closest union draw,
And, in our inward parts,
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.



5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.

6 O let us find the ancient way
Our wondering foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

420 L. P. M. 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

HOW good and pleasant 't is to see,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and speak the same—
A family of faith and love,
Combined to seek the things above,
And spread the common Saviour's fame.

2 The God of grace, who all invites,
Who in our unity delights,
Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless,
Revives us with refreshing showers,
The fullness of his blessing pours,
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.

3 Jesus, thou precious corner-stone,
Preserve, inseparably one,
Whom thou didst by thy Spirit join;
Still let us in thy Spirit live,
And to thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity divine.

4 Still let us to each other cleave,
And from thy plenitude receive
Constant supplies of hallowing grace,
Till to a perfect man we rise,
O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
And find prepared our heavenly place.



421 L. M. C. WESLEY.

UNCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way!

2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood;
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God!

3 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild unruly passions bind;
Tame the old Adam in our soul;
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside;
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

5 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

6 We all shall think and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace;
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.

422 C. M. BICKERSTITH'S COLL.

OUR God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.



2 None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity;
Then may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

423 7s. C. WESLEY

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above;
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God:
We, like them, may live and love;
Called we are their joys to prove.
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.



Baptism—Infant.

24 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

25 C. M. WATTS.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed—
I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.

2 The words of his unbounded love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Cov'nant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great Father given;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the *promise* of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

426 8s. C. WESLEY.

GOD of eternal truth and love,
Vouchsafe the promised aid we claim,
Thine own great ordinance approve;
The child, baptized into thy name,
Partaker of thy nature make,
And give him all thine image back.

2 Father, if such thy sov'reign will,
If Jesus did the right enjoin,
Annex thy hall'wing Spirit's seal,
And let thy grace attend the sign:
The seed of endless life impart;
Take for thine own this infant's heart.

427 S. M. FELLOWS.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 O what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

428 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!—
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.



2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

129 C. M. BECK.

JESUS, we lift our souls to thee;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe,
And let this little infant be
Baptized into thy death.

2 O let thine unction on *him* rest,
Thy grace *his* soul renew,
And write within *his* tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

3 If thou shouldst quickly end *his* days,
His place with thee prepare;
And if thou lengthen out *his* race,
Continue still thy care.

4 Thy faithful servant let *him* prove,
Begirt with truth divine;
A sharer in thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

430 S. M. SALSBURY'S COLL.

OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord our God, as thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy Name,
For goodness so divine.

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Join'd to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

431 C. M. WATTS.

THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I 'll be a God to thee!
I 'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abraham believed the promised grace,
And gave his son to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was sealed with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truths embrace:
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

Baptism—Adult.

432 S. M. C. WESLEY.

MY Saviour's pierced side
Poured out a double flood:
By water we are purified,
And pardoned by his blood.

2 Called from above, I rise
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies
Can make the foulest clean.

3 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide;
'T was opened by the soldier's spear
In my Redeemer's side.

433 L. M. C. WESLEY.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind;
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promised presence find.

3 Father, in these reveal thy Son,
In these, for whom we seek thy face;
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace

4 Jesus, with us thou always art,
Effectuate now the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

6 O that the souls baptized herein
May now thy truth and mercy feel,
May rise and wash away their sin!
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal.

434 C. M.

BAPTIZED into your Saviour's death
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There by his Father's side he sits
Enthroned, divinely fair,
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

435 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

ATTEND, ye children of your God,
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.



2 Baptized into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There by his Father's side he sits
Enthroned, divinely fair,
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.

436 C. M. M. E. Coll.

CELESTIAL Dove, descend from high
And on the water brood;
Come, with thy quickening power apply
The water and the blood.

2 I love the Lord, that stoops so low
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figure still.

3 Almighty God, for thee we call,
And our request renew;
Accept in Christ, and bless withal
The work we have to do.

437 C. M. Luth. Coll.

"PROCLAIM," said Christ, "God's wondrous [grace
To all the sons of men;
He who believes and is baptiz'd,
Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in his word,
This day have publicly declar'd,
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they go on,
And run the Christian race;
And in the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

4 And when the awful message comes,
To call their souls away,
May they be found prepar'd to live
In realms of endless day.

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438 L. M. WATTS.

'TWAS on that dark and doleful night
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes;

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine—
"T is the new covenant of my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end;
Meet at my table, and record,
In memory of your dying Friend,
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.



439 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

440 S. M. C. WESLEY.

LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ
His sufferings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.

4 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

441 C. M. NOEL'S COLL.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie,
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh:

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and wo?

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his later words displayed—
"Meet, and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

442 7s. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, all redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word;
In thine ordinance appear;
Come and meet thy followers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoined,
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pardoning grace declare;
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself, the Crucified!



4 All the power of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls forever thine.

443 C. M. MONTE.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be:
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

444 C. M. HART.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
For me, he died for me!

3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings:
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me!

445 S. M. C. WESLEY.

COME all who truly bear
The name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep his kindest word;
Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucified:
'In memory of my dying love,
Do this,' he said—and died.

2 The badge and token this,
The sure confirming seal,
That he is ours, and we are his,
The servants of his will;
The dear peculiar ones,
The purchase of his blood:
His blood which once for all atones,
And brings us now to God.

3 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honored name;
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb;
In proof that such we are,
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

446 L. M. WATTS.

AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend the dying feast;
Thy love has spread the sacred board,
To feed the faith of every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age
He that was dead hath left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

S. M. C. WESLEY.

THEE, King of saints, we praise
For this our living bread,
Nourish'd by thy preserving grace,
And at thy table fed.

2 Yet still a higher seat
We in thy kingdom claim,
Who here begin by faith to eat
The supper of the Lamb.

3 That glorious, heavenly prize,
We surely shall attain,
And, in the palace of the skies,
With thee forever reign.

448 7s. O. S. Pres.

JESUS, Master, hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me.

449 C. M. O. S. Pres.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be washed
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.



3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast;
O let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

150 11s. REES.

"DO this," and remember the blood that was shed
Ere Calvary's Victim to slaughter was led,
Then, sad and forsaken, the garden alone,
Gave ear to his sorrow, and echoed his moan.

Remember the conflict with insult and scorn,
The robe of derision, the chaplet of thorn,
The sin-cleansing fountain that streamed from his side,
Then, "Father, forgive them," he uttered, and died.

Remember that Victor o'er death and the grave:
He liveth forever, his people to save:
I, take with thanksgiving this pledge of his love,
The foretaste of rapture eternal above.

151 S. M. HART.

GLORY to God on high,
Our peace is made with Heaven;
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised, for sin:
Remember this in eating bread,
And this in drinking wine.

3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad:
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,
And every heart be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son;
The Son, his flesh and blood:
The Spirit seals; and faith puts on,
The righteousness of God.

452 8s. 6 & 8s. SMITH.

BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts His mournful eyes above—
"My Father can this cup remove?"

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold Me here, thine only Son;
And, Father, let Thy will be done."

4 The Father heard; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain—
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane—
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like Him, in prayer.

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS—APPLICATION.

453 L. M. GRIGG.

JESUS! and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee—whom angels praise?
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus? that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus? yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave,
No fears to quell—no soul to save!

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And O! may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS—APPLICATION.

454 7s. MONTG.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O! receive me into rest.



3 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

5 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, or power,
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.

6 "Follow me;" I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke, by choice;
Light thy burden now to me.

455 L. M. BEDDOME.

YE men and angels, witness now—
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
(A vow we dare not break,)

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.



4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright
And keep us in thy ways,
And while we turn our vows to pra
Turn thou our prayers to praise.'

56 C. M. MORAVIAN.

HAIL church of Christ, bought with his blood,
The world I freely leave;
'e children of the living God,
Me in your tents receive.

Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart,
With thee through boundless grace,
And I will never from thee part—
This bond shall never cease.

Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,
I'll go thy safest road;
Thy people shall my people be,
And thine shall be my God.

And am I, Jesus, one of those
Who, in thy fold have place,
Who, gathered round th' erected cross,
Enjoy redeeming grace?

I yes, nor would I change my lot
For all this world can give;
By grace I'll keep the place I've got,
And to thee only cleave.

57 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

O HAPPY day that fixed my choice,
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done, the great transaction's done,
I am the Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possest.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

458

10s. & 11s. GAMBOLD.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell, I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go;
Lo! onward I move to a city above;
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I can not tell why.



But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

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159 L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth can not afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known,
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive assurance of our love:
O may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above.

160 L. M. C. WESLEY.

BRETHREN in Christ, and well-beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter and show yourselves approved,
Enter and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth—lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give;
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesus' name receive.

Are we not met in thy great name
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading fl

5 Thou God, that answerest by fire,
The Spir't of burning now impart
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.

6 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

461 11s. O. S

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sa
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'e

X.—DEPRAV

462 C. M.

BLEST with the joy
Adam, our Fath
Till he debased his so
And ate th' unlawf

2 Now we are born a se
To sinful joys indli
Reason hath lost its r
And flesh enslaves t

3 While flesh, and sens
Sin is the sweetest
We fancy music in ou
And so forget the l

4 Great God, renew our
Our broken powers
Inspire us with a hea
And flesh shall reig

5 Eternal Spirit, write t
Upon our inward pa
And let the second A
His image on our h

3 Conceived in sin, O wretched state!
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Depravity and death.

4 Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

5 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

6 The second Adam can restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that Sovereign Power,
That new-creates our dust.

464 C. M. WAT

SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only help is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.



165 C. M. BEDDOME.

WHEN Adam sinned, through all his race
The dire contagion spread;
Sickness and death, and deep disgrace
Sprang from our fallen head.

2 Whene'er the man begins his race,
The criminal appears,
And evil habits keep their pace,
With our increasing years.

3 Corruption flows through all our veins,
Our moral beauty's gone,
The gold is fled, the dross remains—
O sin, what hast thou done!

4 Jesus, reveal thy pardoning grace,
And draw our souls to thee;
Thou art the only hiding place
Where ruined souls can flee.

166 L. M. WATTS.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor *hyssop branch*, nor sprinkling priest,

Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

467 C. M. WATTS.

SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joy she brings,
And gives a fair pretense;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

468 L. M. WATTS.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgressed, and justice doomed us dead:
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve or pardon there.

2 Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Speak!—are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?



3 In vain we ask, for all around
Stand silent through the heavenly ground;
There's not a glorious mind above,
Has half the strength, or half the love.

4 But O! immeasurable grace!
The Son of God takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds and dies

5 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes!
Ye saints below, ye saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

169 C. M. WATTS.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built,
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our *faith receives* a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.



470 C. M. WATTS.

FOOLS in their hearts believe and say,
"That all religion 's vain,
There is no God that reigns on high,
Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne
Looked down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There 's none that fears his Maker's hand;
There 's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin—that bitter root!
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground

471 S. M. WATTS.

AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.



2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

4 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

172 C. M. EPIS. COLL.

GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

3 We live estranged afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road,
That leads to death and hell.

4 And can such rebels be restored,
Such nature made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

5 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends,
To bring rebellious strangers nigh.
And turn his foes to friends.

473 C. M. WATTS.

HOW sad our state by nature is;
Our sin, how deep it stains;
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word—
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness—
My Jesus and my all.

XI.—PROVISIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

474 H. M., or 4 6s. & 2 8s. C. WESLEY.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,

The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come, etc.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come, etc.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come, etc.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come, etc.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

175 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

476 C. M. WATTS.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

477 C. M. C. WESLEY.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.



PROVISIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough forever more.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are—
A rock that can not move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

178 C. M. C. WESLEY.

INFINITE, unexhausted Love,
(Jesus and love are one),
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrained to none;
What shall I do my God to love,
My loving God to praise,
The length and breadth and hight to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind;

Throughout the world its breadth is known
Wide as infinity—
So wide it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.

3 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise:
The depth of all-redeeming love
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

479 L. M. J. WESLEY

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am—
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came—
Who died for me, e'en me t' atone—
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead—
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.



480 C. M. Strange.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life a joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

481 C. M. C. Wesley.

WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above—
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suff'ring Son of man—
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Might view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity?

482 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD'S holy law transgress'd
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppress'd,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 This is salvation's source;
And all our hopes arise
From Him, who, hanging on the cross,
A spotless victim dies.

483 C. M. MADDEN.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.



2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word!—
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

484 11s. & 10s. ANON.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish!
Come at the Mercy Seat, fervently kneel,
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal?

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure!

3 Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove!

4 Let not your unbelief keep back the blessing,
But in the cause of God fully engage!
Bow at the throne of grace, ever confessing,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can't assuage!

5 Lo! from his shining throne, Jesus the Saviour,
Looks with complacency, bids you receive
Joy, peace, and pleasure sweet, pardon and favour:
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can relieve.



485 C. M. O. S. Press.

SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt:
Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

2 From heaven He came to seek and save,
Leaving his blest abode;
To ransom us himself He gave;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

3 He came to take the sinner's place,
And shed his precious blood;
Let Adam's guilty, ruined race,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

4 Sinners, to Jesus then draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

5 Backsliders too the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood;
Arise, return from grievous falls;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

6 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood;
That we may, with thy saints on high,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

XII.—WARNINGS.

486 L. M. Watts.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.



2 Life is the hour that God hath given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy's buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste:
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in unbroken silence there.

487 7s. NEWTON.

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared!
Awful terrors clothe his brow;
For his judgments stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.



3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee:
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath!
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

488 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatched abroad,
To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to vengeance there.



5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Subdued by goodness, Lord, we fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

489

7s. Prov. ii. Coll.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

490

7s. C. Wesley.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you, why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?



2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you, why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live:
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you, why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

491 C. M. FAWCETT.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard,
'T is Mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that can not rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days
To reap eternal woe!



5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptar of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

492 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

WHY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind,
While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heavenly crown?

3 The eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his dying love,
Awakened conscience gives you pain;
And shall they join their pleas in vain?

4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear
When the decisive hour is near.

5 Almighty God, thy power impart,
To fix convictions on the heart;
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.



493 S. M. HYDE.

AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray,
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace, so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

494 C. M. HART.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear!
Repent, thy end is nigh;
Death at the farthest can't be far:
O! think before thou die.

2 Reflect; thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands the dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He 'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.



4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

195 L. M. WATTS.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss, that charms us so,
Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, mine ears.

2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruits that sinners prize;
Their Paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are overweighed
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

4 Begone for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sovereign good;
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

196 L. M. WATTS.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With *here and there* a traveler.



2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

497 7s. EPIS. COLL.

SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still;
Called of Jesus, learn his will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.



198 C. M. C. Wesley.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the grateful sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshiper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his need of thee—
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desp'rate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak, with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

199 C. M. O. S. Pres.

SINNERS, this solemn truth regard!
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"*Ye must* be born again."

3 Our nature's totally deprav'd—
The heart a sink of sin;
Without a change we can't be sav'd;
"Ye must be born again."

4 [That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain;
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."]

5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.

6 Dear Saviour, let us now begin
To trust and love thy word;
And, by forsaking ev'ry sin,
Prove we are born of God.

XIII.—INVITATIONS.

500 8s. 7s. & 4. HART.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more!

2 Ho! ye thirsty, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance—
Every grace that brings you nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.



3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

501 C. M. JONES.

COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:



2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

502 S. M. DORSEY.

NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.



503 8s. 7s. & 4. REED.

HEAR, O sinner, mercy hails you!
Now with sweetest voice she calls,
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Hear, O sinner!
'T is the voice of mercy calls.

2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread!
Hark! the awful thunder rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head!
Turn, O sinner!
Lest the lightning strike you dead.

3 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour!
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life will pass away;
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

504 C. M. STEELE.

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.



4 Ye sinners, come, 't is mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Bless'd Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

505 C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

ALL ye, who feel distressed for sin,
And fear eternal woe,
You Christ invites to enter in—
This hour to Jesus go!

2 He, by his own almighty word,
Will all your fears remove;
For every wound his precious blood
A sovereign balm shall prove.

3 His conquering grace shall set you free
From sin's oppressive chains,
From Satan's hateful tyranny,
And everlasting pains.

4 Come then, ye heavy-laden, come!
His instant help implore:
Millions have found a peaceful home—
There's room for millions more.

506 7s. HAWES.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.



2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

97 C. M. WATTS.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill th' immortal mind—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.



4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

508 C. M. HUNTINGDON.

COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;
O, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng, convened
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more:
O, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

509 L. M. C. WESLEY.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world, come, sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

6 This is the time, no more delay,
Th' accepted time—salvation's day;
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

510 C. M. STERLE.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.



2 Here Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
O stay not back, though fear alarms,
Behold, there still is room—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 O! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In songs on earth unknown.

511 C. M. DODDRIDGE

YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see My face,
Is sure My love to gain;
And those that early seek My grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with Thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'T is here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

512 L. M. J. WESLEY.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh!
'T is God invites the fallen race,
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise—
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing I in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

513 C. M. COLYER.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;
'T is love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest;
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

514 L. M. Grace.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O! lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands:
O! matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine.
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
Lest he depart, and ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour 's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

515 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
Let guilty rebels "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

516 L. M. C. WESLEY.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word!
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love
Just now the stony to remove;
T' apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate,
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Are ready with their shining host;
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

517 S. M. C. Wesley.

COME, weary sinners, come,
Groaning beneath your load,
The Saviour calls his wand'rers home,
Haste to your pard'ning God.

2 Come, all by guilt oppress'd,
Answer the Saviour's call—
O come, and I will give you rest,
And I will save you all.

3 Redeemer, full of love,
We would thy word obey,
And all thy faithful mercies prove:
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely;
On thee would cast our care;
Now to thine arms of mercy fly,
And find salvation there.

518 L. M. Watts.

"COME hither, all ye weary souls!
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come!
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me,
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.



3 "Blessed is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus! we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mold and guide us at thy will.

XIV.—CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

PENITENCE.

519 S. M. C. WESLEY.

O THAT I could revere
My much offended God;
O that I could but stand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod!

2 If mercy can not draw,
Thou by thy threat'nings move;
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.

3 Let me with horror fly
From every sinful snare;
Nor longer, in my Judge's eye,
My Judge's anger dare.

4 Thou great, tremendous God,
The conscious awe impart;
The grace be now on me bestow'd—
The tender, fleshly heart.

5 For Jesus' sake alone,
The stony heart remove;
And melt at last, O melt me down,
Into the mold of love.

520 S. M. TOPLADY.

ASTONISHED and distrest,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints,
The tyrant lust subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

521 C. P. M., or 4 8s. & 2 6s. C. WESLEY.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry!
A half awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,

Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart,
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

122 L. M. WES. COLL.

THOU Man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat:

2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy Spirit sunk beneath its load,
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty wo,
Nor let me in my sins expire.

4 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring;
The hightened fear of death I find;
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee;
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

523 L. M. WATTS

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I can not live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, O God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my king,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

524 C. M. C. WESLEY.

O FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word!

2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow,
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long suspended blow.

3 Saviour, to me, in pity give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace:

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body, in the tomb.

525 C. M. STERLE.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears,
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, return?

3 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

526 S. M. C. WESLEY.

O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!
Thou by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour and prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go;
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in my wounds, to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thine own mercy's sake,
The hindrance now remove,
And into thy protection take
The prisoner of thy love;
In every trying hour,
Stand by my feeble soul,
And screen me from my nature's power,
Till thou hast made me whole.

527 L. M. WATTS.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live

Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hopes, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

28 7s. NEWTON.

DOES the Gospel word proclaim
Rest for those that weary be?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim—
Sure that promise speaks to thee;
Marks of grace I can not show,
All polluted is my best;
But I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.

2 Burdened with a load of sin,
Harassed with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without;

All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace:
Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast!

529 S. M. C. WESLEY.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.



6 My life, my portion, thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

530 L. M. ELLIOTT.

JUST as I am—without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

531 L. M. C. WESLEY.

WHOM man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive;

Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in nowise cast me out—
A helpless soul that comes to thee
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure:
I want—do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up.

4 Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight:
Lord, I am weak—be thou my might:
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

532 C. M. STENNE

WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine hath been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!

3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard to obey,
And harder yet to love.



5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will
And give my conscience rest?

533 S. M. C. WESLEY.

AH! whither should I go!
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I can not part,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the vail away.

3 I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

534 7s. C. WESLEY.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, how shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

535 C. M. C. WESLEY.

GOD is in this and every place,
But O how dark and void
To me!—'t is one great wilderness,
This world, without my God.

2 Empty of him, who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The vail is on my heart.

3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give,
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

5 Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

536

S. M.

BEDDOME.

NOW to thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring,
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs her eyes;
All other offerings are vain,
But not his sacrifice.

3 That moment he expired,
The law was satisfied,
And now to its severest claims
I answer, "Jesus died!"

537

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life concealed in him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

538 L. M. REVIVAL HYMNS

O GIVE me, Lord, my sins to mourn;
My sins, which have thy body torn:
Give me, with broken heart to see
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O could I gain the mountain's hight,
And gaze upon the wondrous sight:
O that, with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die!

3 I'd hang around his feet, and cry—
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die!
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 Father of mercy, drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son;
And with my broken prayer comply—
O save me, Jesus, or I die.

5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wilt ease me of my guilt;
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die.

539 L. M. HART.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The sea can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.



3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed,
And much to feel that power I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

540 C. M. MONTG.

MERCY alone can meet my case,
For mercy, Lord, I cry:
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die:

2 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt thou leave me?—No:
I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let thee go.

3 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide;
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven in thy side.

4 To this, this only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe;
Have mercy, Lord, on me.



541 L. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee:
Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'T is thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it can not be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love;
I give up every plea beside;
Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died.

542 7s. REVIVAL HYMNS.

GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Much distressed with guilt am I,
Give me Jesus, or I die.

2 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only take away my guilt;
Mourning at thy feet I lie;
Give me Jesus, or I die.

3 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
I to thee for mercy fly—
Give me Jesus, or I die.



4 Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy mercy I would trust;
With my earnest suit comply—
Give me Jesus, or I die.

5 O my God, what shall I say?
Take, O take my sins away;
Jesus' blood to me apply—
Give me Jesus, or I die.

543 S. M. C. WESLEY.

WHEN shall thy love constrain
And draw me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avail my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

544 L. M. J. WESLEY.

MY soul before thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her Source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see;
O let thy presence set me free.

2 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will may mine be lost.

3 Already springing hope I feel—
God will destroy the power of hell,
And, from a land of wars and pain,
Lead me where peace and safety reign.

4 One only care my soul shall know,
Father, all thy commands to do;
And feel, what endless years shall prove,
That thou, my Lord, my God, art love.

545 C. M. LUTH. COLL.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

546 C. P. M., or 4 8s. & 2 6s. C. WESLEY.

O LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
I plead with thee my suit to gain—



PENITENCE.

I plead what thou hast done:
Didst thou not die the death for me?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Receive the purchase of thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God—
My ransom and my peace:
My Surety! thou my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made—
The Lord my righteousness.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love of my redeeming God,
In this cold heart of mine:
O might He now descend, and rest
For ever in this troubled breast,
And keep me ever thine.

547 C. M. RIPPON.

AND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord, for thee?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends,
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Saviour of souls, while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

C. M. WATTS.

THUS speaks the high and lofty One:
My throne is fixed on high—
There, through eternity, I hear
The praises of the sky.

2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallowed cell,
And with the penitent who mourn,
'T is my delight to dwell.

3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheers;
My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.

4 I dwell with all my humble saints
While they on earth remain;
And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

549 7s. 6s. & 8. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suff'ring shown
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy goodness now is stirred,
If now I would myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

50 7s. 6s. & 8. C. WESLI

SECOND PART.

SAVIOUR, see me from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Look, as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man—
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again;
Speak my paradise restored;
Redeem me by thy grace alone:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
Father (at the point to die
My Saviour pray'd), forgive!
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries—'Tis d
O, *my bleeding*, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone.

551 L. M. C. WESLEY.

LORD, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but can not feel;
I can not till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'T is thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal—is thine.

3 With simple faith on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all;
I wait the moving of the pool,
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thy love into my heart!

552 C. M. C. WESLEY.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.



4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift—
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

553 C. M. WATTS.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the vail of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousands yet to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made,
By God's almighty word;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
And be again restored.

4 Abra'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way
That leads to joy on high.

554 C. M. TURNER.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares:
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unvails celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

5 Shows me the precious promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.



555 S. M. BEDDOME.

FAITH—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 't is thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

556 L. M. C. WESLEY.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
(Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day as yesterday the same.)

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindred fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save:
(Save us, a present Saviour thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light—
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
Th' invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

BATHURST.

C. M.

557

O FOR a faith that will not shrink
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly wo—

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without:
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt—

4 That bears, unmov'd, the world's dread fr
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.



Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

358 L. P. M., or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that 's written there.

559 L. M. C. WESLEY

WE have no outward righteousness,
No merit or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, through faith alone—
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

4 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
That faith which doth for sinners speak,
O let it speak us up to God!

560 L. M. MRS. STEVEN.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes—
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal soul is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.

3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.



4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

561 C. M. NEWTON.

LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles, too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart.

562 L. P. M. or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but can not see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

SECOND PART.

L. P. M. or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

563 WILT thou not to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell?
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

2 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

THIRD PART.

564 L. P. M. or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak:
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name be Love.

2 'T is Love! 't is Love! Thou diedst for me;
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love Thou art:



me, to all, Thy bowels move—
y nature and Thy name is Love.

y prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
hrough faith I see Thee face to face;
I see Thee face to face, and live!
n vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and Thy name in Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

FOURTH PART.

)65 L. P. M. or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

THE Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in His wings:
Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

2 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend:
Nor have I power from Thee to move:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

3 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
To all *eternity* to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

566 L. M. CENNICK.

JESUS, my all to heaven is gone,
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.

567 C. M. C. WESLEY.

IN answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pard'ning God, descend:
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.



2 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven:
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

568 L. P. M. or 6 8s. BUNTING.

THIS day the covenant I sign,
The bond of sure and promised peace,
Nor can I doubt its power divine,
Since seal'd with Jesus' blood it is;
That blood I take, that blood alone,
And make the cov'nant blood mine own.

2 But, that my faith no more may know
Or change, or interval, or end,
Help me in all thy paths to go,
And now, as e'er, thy voice attend:
And deign, O Lord, to call me thine,
And I will dare to call thee mine.

569 P. M. C. WESLEY.

HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can not express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'T was a heav'n below
My Redeemer to know:
The angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 O the rapturous hight
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood:
Of my Saviour possess'd
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

570 7s. 6s. & 8. WES. COLL.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleasure I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'T is all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning victim died!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!



3 Here will I set up my rest,
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

571 C. M. NEEDHAM.

O HOW divine, how sweet the joy
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns.

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees, and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The *sinner lost is* found!" they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

572 L. M. WATTS.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew,
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

573 C. M. WATTS.

ALL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.

2 With this cold, stony heart of mine,
Jesus, to thee I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

3 O may the uncorrupted seed
Abide and reign within,
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born soul to sin.

4 Father, I wait before thy throne,
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.



5 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

4 L. P. M., or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die!
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinners, he prays for you and me—
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
They know not that by me they live."

2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee, by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree.
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

3 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears,
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
Since I, e'en I have mercy found.

4 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

O, what mercy —
O, what joy and happiness!
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.
Witness, all ye host of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
That blest moment I received Him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace.

NEWTON.



3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest and king,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

577 L. M. LUTH. COLL.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;



But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

578 L. M. C. WESLEY.

BY faith I to the fountain fly,
Open'd for all mankind and me,
To purge my sins of deepest dye—
My life and heart's impurity.

2 From Christ, the smitten Rock, it flows,
The purple and the crystal stream;
Pardon and holiness bestows,
And both I gain through faith in him.

579 L. M. C. WESLEY.

YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven;
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.



3 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

4 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside:
Dead to the world and sin ye live,
Your creature love is crucified.

5 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious, as your Head, revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

580 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust!
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care!

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, lab'ring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

581 L. M. WATTS.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evening's ray.

4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow!
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

582 C. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid;
Oppressed by sin, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid;
On thee alone my constant mind
Is every moment stayed.



3 Whate'er in me seems wise or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

583 ... 7s. WINDHAM.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground—
Christ, the spring of all my joy!
Still in Thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

3 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from Thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus—O thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it, "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

ADOPTION.

584 S. M. Watts

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them Sons of God!

2 'T is no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's well beloved Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear,
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath thy throne;
Our faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
And thou the kindred own.

585 C. M. Watts.

FATHER, I wait before thy throne:
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.



2 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong:
Then shall I say—My Father, God!
With an unwav'ring tongue.

586 S. M. LUTH. COLL.

MY Father! cheering name!
O may I call thee mine!
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise:
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear:
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

5 My Father! blissful name!
Beyond expression dear:
If thou admit my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

587 C. M. STEELE.

AND can my heart aspire so high
To say—My Father, God?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise:
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father, God, permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

588 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

MY Father, God! how sweet the sound,
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart,
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit Abba, Father, cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.

589 S. M. C. WESLEY.

MOST gracious God reveal
Thy will concerning me;
Whate'er I do—whate'er I feel,
Be sanctified to thee.



2 The counsels of thy love
Be on my heart impressed;
It then shall at thy bidding move,
And at thy bidding rest.

3 While thou my Leader art,
And mak'st me thine abode,
I find the witness in my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Father, thy will be done!
To thee I all resign;
The sole disposer of thine own
Dispose of me and mine.

5 At thy command—I go,
Or quietly attend,
Till all my care and toil below,
In rest eternal end.

590 L. M. STENNETT.

NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given,
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.

3 When through temptation they rebel,
His chast'ning rod he makes them feel;
Then, with a Father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain and heals the smart.

4 *Their daily* wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye,

Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

5 Give me the honor, Lord, to be
One of this happy family;
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee "Abba, Father," too.

591 S. M. C. WESLEY.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe,
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

OWTH IN GRACE.

S. M. C. WESLEY.

A thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do:
y creature, Lord, again create,
nd all my soul renew;
soul shall then, like thine,
bhor the thing unclean,
d, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart,
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it on my heart;
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee:

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close-sheltered in thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside—
"My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

6 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought:
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.

594 S. M. C. Wesley

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;



GROWTH IN GRACE.

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

95 S. M. C. Wesley.

SECOND PART.

I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less:
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name:
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise,
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

3 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord;
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from thy hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

596 L. M. WATTS.

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart:
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the souls that long for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness:
They shall be well supplied, and fed,
With living streams, and living bread.

4 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
From the defiling power of sin:
With endless pleasure they shall see
The God of spotless purity.

5 Bless'd are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake:
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

6 These are the men, the holy race,
Who seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

97 C. P. M., or 4 8s. & 2 6s. C. WESLEY.

SAVIOUR, on me the want bestow,
Which all that feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven!

2 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire;
And feast my hungry heart;
Less than thyself can not suffice:
My soul for all thy fullness cries,
For all thou hast and art.

3 Mercy who shew shall mercy find:
Thy pitiful and tender mind
Be, Lord, on me bestowed!
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
The mercy of my God.

4 Jesus the crowning grace impart!
Bless me with purity of heart;
That, now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God for ever see!

98 C. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, my life, thyself apply,
The Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive;
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill, and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies;
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control;
Who would not own thy sway?
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple, built by God!

599 L. M. WATTS.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties—
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the circle of my days.



CONFIDENCE.

100 S. M. J. WESLEY.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 Thou every where hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

101 L. M. HOLMES.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrows crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near!

602 S. M. J. WESLEY.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.

4 What, though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

5 Thou see'st our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!



6 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

303 L. M STEELE.

THE God of my salvation lives,
My nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigor gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

2 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

3 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joy divine;
The barren desert shall rejoice;
'T is Paradise if thou art mine.

304 L. P. M., or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

PEACE, doubting heart! my God's I am;
Who formed me man, forbids my fear;
The Lord hath called me by my name,
The Lord protects, for ever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promised aid;
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head.
Fearless, their violence I dare—
They can not harm, for God is there.

3 To him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand,
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thy arms my sure defense—
Still be thy arms my sure defense—
Nor earth, nor hell, shall pluck me thence.

SWAIN.

605 C. M.

FIRMLY I stand on Zion's hill,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake
Nor hell can pull me down.

2 The lofty hills and stately towers
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled in the dust—
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall melt away,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens the Rock
Of my salvation stands.

KENNEDY

606 11s.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord
As said for your faith in his excellent word
What more can he say than to you he hath sa
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled



COURAGE.

condition, in sickness and health,
y's vale, or abounding in wealth,
and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
ays may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed,
m thy God, and will still give thee aid;
ngthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
by my righteous omnipotent hand. [stand,

en through the deep waters I call thee to go,
rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
d sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
y grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
he flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
hy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
will not, I will not desert to his foes;
hat soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
ll never—no never—no never forsake.

COURAGE.

607 L. M. WATTS.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 't is a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

608 L. M. WATTS.

MY spirit looks to God alone,
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straights,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Courage, my soul! while God is near,
What enemy hast thou to fear?
How canst thou want a sure defense,
Whose refuge is Omnipotence?

3 Though thickest dangers crowd my way;
My God can chase my fears away;
My steadfast heart on him relies,
And all those dangers still defies.

4 Though billows after billows roll,
To overwhelm my sinking soul,
Firm as a rock my faith shall stand,
Upheld by his almighty hand.

5 In life, his presence is my aid;
In death, 't will guide me through the shade



FEAR.

. my rising fears away,
n my darkness into day.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

aen, who stretch their willing hands,
issive to their Lord's commands,
d their liberty and breath
that loved their souls in death.

ae to suffer and to die,
thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh;
ae smile from thee my heart shall fire,
nd teach me, smiling, to expire.

f nature at the trial shake,
nd from the cross or flames draw back,
race can its feeble courage raise,
And turn its trembling into praise.

While scarce I dare, with Peter, say
"I'll boldly tread the bleeding way,"
Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move,
With humble hope and silent love.

FEAR.

10 C. M. C. WESLEY.

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give!
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake!

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love!
O may the least omission pain
My well instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole!

611 L. M. C. WESLEY.

PIERCE, fill me, with an humble fear;
My utter helplessness reveal!
Satan and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel!

2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!

3 O that my tender soul might fly,
The first abhorr'd approach of ill;
Quick, as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel!

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.



HOPE.

S. M. C. WESLEY.

H to keep I have,
to glorify,
ing soul to save,
for the sky:
e present age,
g to fulfill—
l my powers engage
Master's will.

h jealous care,
sight to live,
y servant, Lord, prepare
account to give:
watch and pray,
hyself rely,
I my trust betray,
rever die.

HOPE.

C. M. WES. COLL.

e the everlasting God,
her of our Lord!
ding mercy praised,
y adored!

he dead he raised his Son,
him to the sky,
souls a lively hope,
should never die.

ance divine,
our hearts to rise;
pted, undefiled,
In the skies.

4 Saints by the power of God, are kept
Till the salvation come:
We walk by faith as strangers here,
But Christ shall call us home.

614 L. P. M. or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads!
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to his temple come!
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just,
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove;
Surely we shall thy mercy find;
Who ask, shall all receive thy love;
Nor canst thou it to me deny;
I ask, the chief of sinners I!

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up:
Ye shall not be forgotten long:
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove,
And can not fail, if God is love!

5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
Dare to believe; on Christ lay hold!
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell him we will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know.



HUMILITY.

315 C. M. C. WESLEY.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace;
Christ shall in me appear!
I, even I shall see his face,
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view;
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay,
He shakes his future home:
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

5 With me, I know, I feel thou art;
But this can not suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill—
Come, O my God, my God.

HUMILITY.

316 7s. PROT. EP. COLL.

LORD, forever at thy side
Let my place and portion be:
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all his ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

617 L. M. C. W. WILEY.

AH, Lord, with trembling I confess
A gracious soul may fall from grace,
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more.

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee,
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

618 7s. MADAN'S COLL.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Rooted in humility;

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.



JOY.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee,
Every evil let me flee,
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him, evermore.

319 C. M. WATTS.

IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow be resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

JOY.

320 C. M. WATTS.

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode:
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

621 C. M. O. S. Pres.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the vail;
To know that God is mine;
Are springs of joy, that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.



5 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot;
But since you are the Lord's,
Resign to them, that know Him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

322 C. M. WATTS.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

623 P. M. KELLY.

WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapor,
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is but a dying taper,
O my soul! why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly, etc.

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly, etc.

4 Go, and share his people's glory,
'Mid the ransom'd throng appear;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly, etc.

LOVE.

624 S. M. WATTS.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I can not live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'T is Paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart 't is hell.



ıe smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'T is heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

5 Nor earth nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

6 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

625 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

DO not I love thee, O my God?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each worthless idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus can not move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure thrill,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

626 L. P. M. or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain?
Ashamed, I sigh and inly mourn
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy scepter or thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.



27 S. M. REDDOME.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy and ill-will,
Be banished far away;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where no discordant sounds are heard,
But all is peace and love.

28 8s. & 7s. C. WESLEY.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

629 C. M. O. S. Pres

OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'T is heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows;
But pour a mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine
Proclaimed by thee thine own;

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.



MIND OF CHRIST.

C. M. WATTS.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan can not love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

MIND OF CHRIST.

631 7s. C. WESLEY

LOVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

2 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy child, in me.

632 L. M. BEDDOME.

JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conformed to thee;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.

2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need:
The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.

3 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast
But such as Jesus once expressed.

4 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive,
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.

5 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

633 C. M. C. WESLEY.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.



4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good
A copy, Lord, of thine.

34 7s. C. WESL

JESUS, plant and root in me
All the mind that was in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesus' is a quiet mind.

2 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still;
Meekly on my God reclined;
Jesus' is a gentle mind.

3 I shall suffer and fulfill
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resign'd;
Jesus' is a patient mind.

4 When 't is deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesus' is a noble mind.

5 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified:
Perfectly to him be join'd;
Jesus' is a loving mind.

6 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord:
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesus' is a perfect mind.

RESIGNATION.

635 C. M. BEDDOME.

MY times of sorrow, and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

636 L. M. J. WESLEY.

THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace;
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace,
O make me in thy likeness shine!

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see!
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast,
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step
And follow thee where'er thou go.



WISDOM.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;
In me thy strengthening grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.

637 C. M. HERVEY.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good, when he gives—supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind;
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

WISDOM.

638 C. M. PROT. EP. COLL.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And as her holy labors rise,
So her rewards increase:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

L. M. C. WESLEY.

639 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me,"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise—
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.



SANCTIFICATION.

he man who wisdom gains,
appy who his guest retains;
ns, and shall for ever own,
om and Christ and heaven are one.

C. P. M. or 4 8s. & 2 6s. C. WESLEY.

E it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
perior sense may I display,
shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

may I still from sin depart;
wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!
d let me through thy Spirit know
glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

SANCTIFICATION.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
stored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet Paradise.

viour from sin, we thee receive;
From all indwelling sin
y blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us thoroughly clean.

ice thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
ake haste to bring thy nature in,
Add perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of thy love fulfill,
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

5 O that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever filled with God!

642 S. M. C. WESLEY.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true;
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean,
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

3 I can not wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t'impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

643 7s. 6s. & 8s. C. WESLEY.

EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require,
I want my God, my All!
Jesus, my redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.



2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not thy light afford,
The darkness from my soul remove?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
The second gift impart;
With the in-dwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart.
If with love thy heart be stored,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

344 C. M. C. WESLEY.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.

2 A rest where all our souls' desire
Is fixed on things above,
Where pride and unbelief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.



5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good,
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant—
This, only this be given;
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

645 S. M. C. WESLEY.

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be passed away,
And all things new become!

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in thy sight.

4 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss!

646 C. M. C. WESLEY.

MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

hine all-victorious love
in my heart abroad;
shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

647 S. M. C. Wesley.

THIS is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee.

2 O might I now embrace
Thine all-sufficient power,
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

648 L. M. C. Wesley.

QUICKENED with our immortal Head
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee,
Redeemed from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above;
And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Pure love to God thy members find,
Pure love to every soul of man;
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain.

4 Author and sum of heavenly bliss,
Thee let our souls and bodies prove,
Implunged in that unknown abyss,
That ocean of redeeming love.

649 C. M. C. WESLEY.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus thine own!
Wash me, and mine thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart?

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

650 L. P. M. or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe:
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme;
Thy truth I lovingly receive;



I can, I do believe in thee,
All things are possible to me.

2 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought,
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They can not break the firm decree,
All things are possible to me.

3 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renew'd,
When I in Christ am form'd again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

651 S. M. KEBLE.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

652 L. M. C. WESLEY.

O THAT my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at least submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I can not rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

653 L. M. C. WESLEY.

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains, and stands forever sure:—

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

4 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove;
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

654 C. M. C. WESLEY.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

A lifting up my head,
ngs salvation near;
ence makes me free indeed,
he will soon appear.

ills that I should holy be;
hat can withstand his will?
e counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill!

sus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
hou wilt return, and claim me, Lord
And to thyself receive.

When God is mine, and I am his,
Of Paradise possessed,
taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

L. M. C. WESLEY.

THAT I never speak one evil word?
Or, rash, or idle, or unkind?
ow shall I, most gracious Lord,
his mark of true perfection find?

r sinless mind in me reveal;
hy Spirit's plenitude impart;
l all my spotless life shall tell
he abundance of a loving heart.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal;
by word, thy oath, to Abrah'm's race,
In me, O Lord, fulfill.

2 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which can not ask in vain;
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain:

3 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown;
And tell my infinite desire,
Whate'er thou wilt, be done.

4 On me the faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love.

657 C. P. M. or 4 8s. & 2 6s. C. WESLEY.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest:
There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.



4 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

358 C. M. C. WESLEY.

IF thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I can not rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe—and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white;
With all thy saints shall prove
The length and depth, and breadth and hight,
Of everlasting love.

359 7s. C. WESLEY.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light?
Only *mighty* in thy might?

Fully in my life express
All the hights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

660 C. M. C. WESLEY.

COME quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne.

2 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right:
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's hight,
The depth of humble love.

661 C. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! can not suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my Paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

XV.—PRIVATE AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

'62 C. P. M., or 4 8s. & 2 6s. C. WESLEY.

I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first, obedient to his word
I must myself appear;
By actions, words, and tempers, show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

? I must the fair example set;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A foll'wer of my God:
. saint indeed I long to be,
nd lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

rd, if thou didst the wish infuse,
vessel fitted for thy use
nto thy hands receive:
rk in me both to will and do;
l show them how believers true,
d real Christians, live.

663 S. M. C. WESLEY.

THE power to bless my house,
Belongs to God alone;
Yet rend'ring him my constant vows,
He sends his blessings down.

2 Shall I not then engage
My house to serve the Lord—
To search the soul converting page,
And feed upon his word:

3 To ask, with faith and hope,
The grace which he supplies,
In prayer and praise to offer up
Their daily sacrifice?

4 Let each his sin eschew,
Through thy restraining grace;
Our father Abrah'm's steps pursue,
And walk in all thy ways.

5 Saviour of men, incline
The hearts which thou hast made—
Which thou hast bought with blood divine,
To ask thy promised aid.

6 Me and my house receive,
Thy fam'ly to increase;
And let us in thy favor live,
And let us die in peace.

664 C. M. LUTH. COLL.

HAPPY is he, whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

r work, if we begin
e the Lord betimes;
ners, who grow old in sin,
rden'd by their crimes.

us from a thousand snares,
ind religion young:
y it crowns succeeding years,
makes our virtue strong.

e, almighty God, to thee
hearts we now resign:
l please us to look back and see,
t our whole lives were thine!

MORNING.

S. M. J. WESLEY.

E lift our hearts to thee,
O Day Star from on high;
sun itself is but thy shade,
et cheers both earth and sky.

t thy orient beams
he night of sin disperse,
mists of error and of vice
hich shade the universe.

w beauteous nature now!
ow dark and sad before!
h joy we view the pleasing change,
nd nature's God adore.

ay no gloomy crime
ollute the rising day!
esus' blood, like evening dew,
ash all its stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past,
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, one in three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

666 L. M. ANON.

BLESS'D are our eyes that see the light
Of this another new-born day,
Bless'd are our ears that hear thy word,
Our lips, to read and praise and pray.

2 Thou Sun of righteousness, arise,
Dispel the darkness from our sky,
Illuminate the path of life,
That leads to thine abode on high.

3 To thee, supremely good and wise,
Our sacrifice we humbly bring,
O may thy Spirit be our guide
And with it may we pray and sing.

4 Thy glory be our constant aim
When we go out, when we come in,
What'er we say, whate'er we do,
May we be ever kept from sin.

667 C. M. C. WESLEY.

GIVER and Guardian of our sleep,
To praise thy name we wake:
Still, Lord, thy helpless servants keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.



The blessing of another day
We thankfully receive;
O may we only thee obey,
And to thy glory live.

3 Upon us lay thy mighty hand;
Our words and thoughts restrain;
And bow our souls to thy command,
Nor let our faith be vain.

4 Pris'ners of hope, we wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring:
When all we are shall own thy power,
And call our Jesus, King.

668 L. M. WATTS.

GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O like the sun, may I fulfill
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold compared with this.

669 C. M. WATTS.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound—
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light!
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

670 L. M. KENN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
The daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.



vows to Thee renew;
sins as morning dew;
first springs of thought and will,
Thyself my spirit fill.

control, suggest, this day,
esign, or do, or say;
ll my powers, with all their might,
y sole glory may unite.

S. M. Scott.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

672. C. M. Liverpool Coll.

ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,—
In thee my wishes end.

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

3 God leads me through the maze of sleep,
And brings me safe to light;
Conducts my steps till night.

4 When evening slumbers press mine eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

5 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
The Lord is with me still.

SABBATH MORNING. WATTS.

673 C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.



to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I'll frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

May thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

EVENING.

74 S. M. PROT. EPIS. COLL.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possess'd.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

675 C. M. WATTS.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And, when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

676 C. M. J. MASON.

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 This day was God our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies, multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.



4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

577 L. M. C. WESLEY.

HOW do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy Name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smoothes my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone:
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down—
Thine everlasting arms of love.

578 7s. DOANE.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon from us the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

679 C. M. WHITE.

O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And are we less than they?

4 O, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

680 8s. & 7s. [illegible]

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.



Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

81 L. M. KEEN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

L. M. WATTS.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

683 C. M. WATTS.

HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power,
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake; and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.

4 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath His guardian wings.

Private.

684 C. M. NEWTON

O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God—
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
I'd plead my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And drive my foes away;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
When they in sorrow pray.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

385 C. M. Brow

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care;
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed,
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

686 L. M. Luth. Coll.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

687 C. M. C. Wesley.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face;
Encouraged by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pard'ning grace.

2 Ent'ring into my closet, I
The busy world exclude;
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire:
See, thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.



4 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven;
And do on earth thy perfect will,
As angels do in heaven.

388 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame,
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

389 C. M. COWPER.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

3 There, like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

4 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love—
A boundless, endless store—
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

690 H. M., or 4 6s. & 2 8s. C. WESLEY.

GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise;
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days:
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy Name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings came;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live;
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give:
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's Name.

4 My soul and all its powers
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven:
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

391 L. M. C. WESLEY.

ANGEL of covenanted grace,
Come, and thy healing power infuse;
Descend in thine own time, and bless,
And give the means their hallow'd use.

2 Obedient to thy will alone,
To thee in means I calmly fly;
My life, I know, is not my own;
To God I live, to God I die.

3 Thy holy will be ever mine:
If thou on earth detain me still,
I bow, and bless the grace divine—
I suffer all thy holy will.

4 I come, if thou my strength restore,
To serve thee with my strength renew'd;
Grant me but this, I ask no more—
To spend and to be spent for God.

392 C. M. TOPLADY.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T is sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away:

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love:
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down:
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own:

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid:

5 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

693

MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
On thy beloved breast,
Pleased to obey my Father's call,
To his eternal rest.



4 Into thy hands, my Saviour, God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth,
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come,
Nor will I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life
And earth is heaven with thee.

394 L. P. M. or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

O THOU, whose wise, paternal love
Hath brought my active vigor down,
Thy choice I thankfully approve;
And, prostrate at thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains—
I choose the state my God ordains.

2 Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy work I can no longer do;
Yet while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show:
My patience may thy glory raise—
My speechless wo proclaim thy praise.

395 L. P. M. or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art—
Strength of my failing flesh and heart!
O, could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!



XVI.—DUTIES AND TRIALS.

THE WARFARE.

696 S. M. C. WESLEY.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the faith which God supplies
Through his beloved Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place—
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind;
That was in Christ your Head.

697 L. M. MONTG.

BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand
In all the armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the Gospel shod;



THE WARFARE.

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valour there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

698 C. M. WATTS.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.



5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquor though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
The crown enchants their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

699 S. M. CH. PRA.

OUR Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord,
To every soldier saith;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all-victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in his might,
Thy victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

700 L. P. M., or 6 8s. C. WESLEY

THIS slumber from my spirit shake;
Warn'd by the Spirit's inward call,
Let me to righteousness awake,
And pray that I may never fall;
Or give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all thy righteous ways.



2 O wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant guard
'Gainst every known or secret foe;
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober vigilance bestow;
Ever apprized of danger nigh,
And when to fight and when to fly.

3 Attended by that sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart,
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

701 S. M. HEATH.

MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er:
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

702 S. M. C. WESLEY.

O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm,
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm.



2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven.

703 P. M. MEDLEY.

HARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 Hail, all-victorious, conquering Lord!
Be thou by all thy works adored,
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name
That we with thee may ever reign
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above
In endless day.

704 S. M. C. WESLEY.

I THE good fight have fought,
O when shall I declare!
The victory by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.



2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's pa
And, dying, find my latest f
Under my feet at last!

3 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gain'd,
Kept by the power of grace
I have the faith maintain'

4 The apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was give
They could not speak a grea
Nor all the saints in heav

705 S. M.

ARISE, ye saints, arise
The Lord our leader
The foe before his banner
And victory is His.

2 We follow thee, our Guid
Our Saviour, and our K
We follow thee, through g
From heaven's eternal

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall
When we shall cast our a
And dwell in endless p

706 8s. & 7s.

WE are living; we are dy
In a grand and awfu
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray!
Hark! what soundeth? is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy look?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

THE PILGRIMAGE.

707 10s. 5s. & 11s. C. WESLEY.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies;
Of heavenly birth, tho' wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus' call we gave up our all,
And still we forego
For Jesus' sake, our enjoyments below;
No longing we find for the country behind,
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above—



3 A country of joy without any alloy,
We thither repair:
Our hearts and our treasure already are there,
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

4 The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies;
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 't is past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

708

S. M. C. WESLEY

IN every time and place,
Who serve the Lord most high,
Are call'd his sov'reign will t' embrace,
And still their own deny;
To follow his command,
On earth as pilgrims rove,
And seek an undiscover'd land,
And house and friends above.

2 Father, the narrow path
To that far country show;
And in the steps of Abrah'm's faith
Enable me to go:
A cheerful sojourner
Where'er thou bidd'st me roam,
Till, guided by thy Spirit here,
I reach my heavenly home.

709

8s. 7s. & 4. OLIVER.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:

Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

710

4 8s. & 2 6s. J. WESLEY.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

4 I come, thy servant, Lord, repl
I come to meet thee in the skie
And claim my heavenly rest.
Soon will the pilgrim's journey
Then, O my Saviour, Brother,
Receive me to thy breast!

711 L. M.

O THOU, to whose all-search
The darkness shineth as t
Search, prove my heart, it pant
O burst these bonds, and set it

2 Wash out its stains, refine its d
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all w
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, ar

3 If in this darksome wild I stra
Be thou my light, be thou my
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God,

4 When rising floods my soul o'e
When sinks my heart in waves
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I se
Dauntless, untired, I follow the
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the wa
My strength proportion to my
Till toil, and grief, and pain
Where all is calm, and joy, an

112 P. M. KELLY.

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

2 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict o'er,
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
Nor thirst, nor hunger more.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

3 There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing,
And love in every bosom reigns;
For God himself is king.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

4 We hope to join the throng,
And soon their pleasures share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

THE RACE.

713 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.



2 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

714 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardor fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display!
Whose gems with vivid luster shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3 Away, each groveling, anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's aim;
We spring to seize immortal joys
In the Redeemer's name.

4 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

PATIENCE AND RESIGNATION.

715 C. M. Cowper.

O LORD! my best desire fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Shall be my rich supply;
What else I want, or think I do,
Let wisdom still deny.

716 S. M. Steele.

THOU refuge of my soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell my grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, O, when doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.



4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

17 C. M. C. WESLEY.

GOD of thine Israel's faithful three,
Who braved the tyrant's ire,
Who nobly scorn'd to bow the knee,
And walk'd, unhurt, in fire:
O breathe their faith into my breast,
In every trying hour;
And stand, O Son of man, confess'd,
In all thy saving power!

2 While thou, Almighty Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear;
Both sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near:
The earth and hell their wars may wage—
I mark their vain design:
And calmly smile to see them rage
Against a child of thine.

18 L. M. C. WESLEY.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head:

2 In all my ways thy hand I own—
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast!
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find—
The heaven of loving thee alone.

719 S. M. Hayn.

SUBMISSIVELY, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chast'ning rod,
Nor will I, Lord, repine.

2 Why should my heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short my suff'rings here;
How needful every cross:
Away with doubt, distrust, and fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred Name:
Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

720 S. M. C. Wesley.

THOU seest my feebleness,
Jesus, be thou my power—
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.



2 Give me to trust in thee;
Be thou my sure abode:
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.

3 Myself I can not save,
Myself I can not keep—
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to thee alone
Now therefore I commend;
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end.

121 C. M. GRACE.

IT is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who can not do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?

3 It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Blessings, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.

722 S. M. ANON.

IF, on a quiet sea,
Tow'rd heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fav'ring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

723 C. M. O. S. PERR.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

3 But O when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.



PATIENCE AND RESIGNATION.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

7 Thy mercy seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

724 C. M. MRS. COOPER.

MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.

2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs!

3 Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

4 The sighing ones that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

6 Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

725 L. M. C. WESLEY.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil:
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin and only sin is here;
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off, I see,
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.



ENCOURAGEMENT.

4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name;
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

76 C. P. M. or 4 8s. & 2 6s. C. WESLEY.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice-blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze,
Of everlasting light.

727 C. M. ANON.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a fear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear;
For there's a crown for me.

728 L. M. FAWCETT.

AFFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."



Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

When called by him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

729 L. M. J. WESLEY.

O KING of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far;
Yea, e'en our crimes, though numberless,
Less num'rous than thy mercies are.

2 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal;
So, fearless, shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

730 8s. 7s. & 4. FAWCETT.

O MY soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fear begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
Though thy heart is stained with sin,
Jesus lives, he'll ne'er forget thee,
He will make thee pure within;

He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
Thou shalt praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

4 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy spirits!
When shall I your chorus join?

731 C. M. Moore.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not his wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.



5 Then sorrow, touch'd by him, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

732 S. M. COOMBS.

IN every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies;
I trust in his almighty power,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear me up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing,
To our Redeemer's name;
In joy or sorrow—life or death—
His love is still the same.

XVII.—UNFAITHFULNESS MOURNED.

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733 C. M. COWPER.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I sought the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

734 L. M. Morse.

I LEFT the God of truth and light,
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.

2 In riches when I sought for joy,
And placed in sordid gains my trust,
I found that gold was all alloy,
And worldly treasures fleeting dust.

3 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty vengeance, from thy frown?
Eternal justice, from thine eye?

4 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The Sun of righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.



5 My suffering, slain, and risen Lord,
In sore distress I turn to thee;
I claim acceptance on thy word;
My God, my God, forsake not me!

6 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perished at thy feet,
And I will lie forever there.

735 7s. O. S. Page.

ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move:
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins renew,
Now I feel the stormy hour:
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive,
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive:
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

736 L. M. C. Wesley.

GOD of unspotted purity,
Us, and our works, canst thou behold?
Justly are they abhorr'd by thee,
Whose works are neither hot nor cold.

2 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven, through saving grace,
Than basely in our lives disown,
And slight and mock thee to thy face.

3 O let us our own works forsake;
Ourselves and all we have deny:
Thy condescending counsel take;
And come to thee, pure gold to buy.

4 O may we through thy grace attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove;
The faith that purges every stain,
The faith that always works by love.

737 7s. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide?
Never in thy wounds reside?

2 O how wav'ring is my mind,
Toss'd about with every wind;
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart.

3 Jesus, let my nature feel
Thou art God unchangeable:
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy name.

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe and feel thee nigh;
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablish'd with abiding grace.



UNFAITHFULNESS MOURNED.

38 L. M. CHR. PSA.

O WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known,
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved,
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

Behold, again we turn to thee,
O cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord, our God, but in thy smile.

39 C. M. C. WESLEY.

O THAT I were as heretofore,
When, warm in my first love,
I only lived my God t' adore,
And seek the things above.

2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And, lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unvail'd his face.

3 Far, far above all earthly things
Triumphantly I rode;
I soar'd to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found, and talked with God.

4 Where am I now? from what a hight
Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown.

740 S. M. C. WESLEY.

O JESUS! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face—
Call home thy banish'd one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
Forgive,—my gasping spirit cries,—
Abundantly forgive.

4 Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul,—
In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

741 C. M. WATTS.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul,
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants! for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive;
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!—



3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above:—

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labor'd for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts!

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

142 H. M., or 4 6s. & 2 8s. BAP. COLL.

WHERE is the Saviour now,
Whose smiles I once possess'd?
Till he return I bow,
By heavy grief oppress'd:
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

2 Where can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah, who can soothe his wo,
Ah, who can give relief?
Earth can not heal the wounded breast,
Or give the troublod conscience rest.

3 Jesus, thy smiles impart;
My gracious Lord, return,
Bind up my broken heart,
And bid me cease to mourn?

Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace and heaven be found in thee.

743 L. P. M. or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

O GOD, thy righteousness we own—
Judgment is at thy house begun;
With humble awe thy rod we bear,
And guilty in thy sight appear;
We can not in thy judgment stand,
But sink beneath thy mighty hand.

2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy pray;
Unworthy to behold thy face,
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace,
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.

3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improved,
But basely from thy statutes roved,
Yet do not drive us from thy face,
A stiff-necked and hard-hearted race;
The softening power of love impart,
And melt the marble in our heart.

744 C. M. LUTH. COLL.

O WHY did I my Saviour leave;
So soon unfaithful prove?
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love?

2 I forc'd thee first to disappear,
I turn'd thy face aside;
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.



3 But, O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pard'ning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

4 O could I lose myself in thee;
The depth of mercy prove;
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

5 My humble soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful world appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

6 I loathe myself, when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be All in All.

145 L. M. KELLY.

O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair—
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy Lord commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.

2 The trumpet gives a martial strain,
O Israel, gird thee for the fight;
Arise, the combat to maintain,
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.

3 O sleep not thou, as others do—
Awake, be vigilant, be brave;
The coward and the sluggard too
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

4 A nobler lot is cast for thee,
A crown awaits thee in the skies;
With such a hope shall Israel flee,
And yield, through weariness, the prize?

5 No—let a careless world repose
And slumber on, through life's short day,
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

746 S. M. Newton.

O SPEAK that word again:
It cheers my drooping heart;
How sweetly doth it soothe my pain,
And bid my fears depart.

2 And dost thou deign to own
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?

3 My Saviour, by his word,
Hath turned my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restored,
Which I had sinn'd away.

4 I wonder and adore:
The grace is all divine;
Lord, keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine.

747 L. M. Wm. Cowp.

THUS saith the Lord, Who seek the Lamb,
Who follow after righteousness,
Look to the rock from whence ye came,
The father of the faithful race.



2 Children of faithful Abra'm these,
Who dare expect salvation here?
The Lord shall give them gospel peace
And all his hopeless mourners cheer.

3 Shall soon his fallen Zion raise,
Her waste and des'late places build,
Pour out the spirit of his grace,
And make her wilds a fruitful field.

4 The barren souls shall be restored,
The desert all renewed shall rise,
Bloom as the garden of the Lord,
A fair terrestrial Paradise.

748 8s. 7s. & 4. KELI

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion's bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Lo, thy Son is risen in glory,
God himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasted triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy warfare now is past;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
Days of peace are come at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

XVIII. — REJOICING IN DELIVERANCE FROM TROUBLE.

749 S. M. Monk.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.

2 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

3 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

4 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul.

750 C. M. Watts.

I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chased my grief away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.



DELIVERANCE FROM TROUBLE.

751 L. M. BEDDOME.

REJOICE, for Christ the Saviour reigns,
He spreads his triumphs all abroad,
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their God.

2 His sons and daughters from afar
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By saving grace are made alive.

3 O may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his power subdue,
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, from all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lofty as his love.

752 L. P. M. or 6 8s. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, to thee our hearts we lift,
Our hearts with love to thee o'erflow,
With thanks for thy continued gift,
That still thy gracious name we know;
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown
Thy feeble, tempted foll'wers here:
We have through fire and water gone;
But saw thee on the floods appear,
And felt thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliv'rer's name.

3 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
O keep us faithful to the end!
When, robed in majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and witnesses to own,
And seat us on his glorious throne.

753 L. M. C. WESLEY.

WHILE thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy:
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

2 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

3 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

754 4 8s. & 2 7s. REVIVAL HYMNS.

THE voice of my beloved sounds,
While o'er the mountain tops he bounds;
He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my soul with transport fills:
Gently doth he chide my stay,
"Rise, my love, and come away."

2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,
The rain is gone, the winter's past,
The lovely vernal flowers appear,
The warbling choir enchants our ear;
Now, with sweetly pensive moan,
Coos the turtle-dove alone.



DELIVERANCE FROM TROUBLE.

155 6 7s. & 2 8s. C. WESLEY.

HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those before thee,
We lift our hearts and voices,
With bless'd anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favor;
The love divine, which made us thine,
Can keep us thine forever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand
To take us up to heaven.

756 L. M. MOTTE

THE tempter to my soul hath said—
"There is no help in God for Thee;"
Lord! lift Thou up Thy servant's head;
My glory, shield, and solace be.

2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry,
He heard me from His holy hill;
At His command the waves rolled by;
He beckoned—and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down and slept—I woke—
Thou, Lord! my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke—
Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armed throngs
Compass my steps in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His presence guards His people's path.

757 S. M. DODDRIDGE

HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
O, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.



His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

18 C. M. REVIVAL HYMNS.

E saints, attend the Saviour's voice
Spoke in his word of grace;
says, and in it, oh rejoice!
In me ye shall have peace!"

hough storms and tempests round you roar,
nd foes and fears increase,
says, and what could he say more?
In me ye shall have peace."

'hat though afflictions still abound,
nd troubles still increase;
says, and oh, how sweet the sound,
In me ye shall have peace."

'hat tho' your hearts with sorrow bleed,
nd sighs and tears increase;
ays, and oh, 'tis true indeed,
In me ye shall have peace."

hough you shall pass through death's cold flood,
o gain your wish'd release;
says, and sure he'll make it good,
In me ye shall have peace."

hen you his face in glory view,
here joy can ne'er decrease,
nity shall prove it true,
In me ye shall have peace!"



The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal more happy than I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore!
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more!

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

763 C. M. WATTS.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.



2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things:
But they are not my God.

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

764 L. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare:
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone!
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown.

3 Unwearied, may I this pursue,
Dauntless to this high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew,
This holy flame, this heavenly fire.

4 Still let thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things thy love has wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought.

5 In suffering, be thy love my peace,
In weakness, be thy love my power,
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Receive me in the trying hour.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

765 O FOR a thousand seraph tongues,
To bless th' incarnate Word!
O for a thousand thankful songs,
In honor of my Lord!

2 Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,
Ye angels round the throne;
Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,
Adore th' eternal Son.

C. M. WATTS

766 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end—
The numbers of thy grace?

2 I trust in thy eternal word,
Thy goodness I adore;
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy s
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful pow
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours
Nor think the season long.



8s. C. WESLEY.

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine;
I long to reside where thou art;
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

'T is there, with the Lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'T is there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart—
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

8s. & 7s. LADY HUNTINGDON.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Raise the mount—I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

C. WESLEY.

S. M.

769 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own:
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

770 C. P. M. or 4 8s. & 2 6s. C. WESLEY.

HOW happy, gracious Lord! are we
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimproved, below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.



3 The winter's night, and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And, Holy, holy, holy, cry,
(A bright, harmonious throng!)
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat
The new eternal song.

771 L. M. C. WESLEY.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye,
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love!

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace,
I would be by myself abhorr'd;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord!

4 Now let me gain perfection's hight,
Now let me into nothing fall;
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all!

772 C. M. MRS. ROWE.

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, almighty King,
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.

2 But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee;
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be.

3 Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense,
Each creature everywhere around
Displays thy excellence?

4 Thy num'rous works exalt thee, Lord,
Nor will I silent be;
O rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee.

773 8s. 7s. & 4. C. WESLEY.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!



PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

774 11s. & 12s. C. WESLEY.

MY God, I am thine; what a comfort divine,
What a blessing, to know that my Jesus is mine,
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am;
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found;
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,
This is life everlasting—'t is heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fulness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

775 C. M. C. WESLEY.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

776 S. M. STEELE.

FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

3 No cloud those regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.



5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

177 C. M. C. WESLEY.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

178 S. M. C. WESLEY.

WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below
In ruinous decay,
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands,
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands;



2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure—
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure;
O were we entered there,
To perfect heaven restored?
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord?

3 For this in faith we call,
For this we weep and pray:
O might the tabernacle fall!
O might we 'scape away!
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

779 C. M. WATTS.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.



780 C. M. STENNETT.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul,
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There, on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
But, in perpetual, joyful strains
Redeeming love admire.

781 7s. & 6s. SEAGRAVE.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face:
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn:
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

782 S. M. MORSE.

"FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be:
Life from the dead is in the word:
'T is immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam!
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.



3 My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul—how near,
At times, to faith's fore-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

5 But clouds still intervene,
And all my comfort flies:
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Anon at his control,
The wind and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my raptured soul
Expands the bow of peace.

7 O! when my latest breath,
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

8 "Knowing as I am known!"
How shall I love that word—
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

183 L. M. PLYM. COLL.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

2 A land, upon whose blissful shore,
There rests no shadow, falls no stain:
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light:
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

784 11s. MUHLINBURG.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode:
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

785 S. M. C. WESLEY.

O WHAT a mighty change
Shall Jesus' suff'rers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of wo!



No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitute above—
No sin in heaven is found.

2 There all our griefs are spent:
There all our sorrows end:
We can not there the fall lament
Of a departed friend;
A brother dead to God,
By sin, alas! undone;
No father there, in passion loud,
Cries—O, my son! my son!

3 No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds or tempests rise:
There gushing tears are wiped away
For ever from our eyes.

786 C. M. C. WESLEY.

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.

3 One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly:
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

11s. REVIVAL HYMNS.

787

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease:
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions, to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.



5 What'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Inspire me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.

788 C. M. ANON.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I the courts ascend,
Whose congregation ne'er breaks up,
Whose Sabbath has no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Bless'd seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joy shall see.

789 C. M. ANON.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love,
Lie just before mine eye,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly—
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
Would cross cold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

2 I view the monster death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still in triumph sing;
By faith I see the radiant throne,
The crown of life for me,
By faith I claim it as my own,
And wait my Lord to see.

3 In a few toilsome years, at most,
My sorrows will be o'er,
Then shall I join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore,
My raptured soul with joy shall drink
Of love's unbounded sea,
And only live to speak and think
Of him who died for me.

790 8s. & 6s. TAPPAN.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'T is found alone in heaven.



2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—'t is heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

791 7s. & 6s.

BURST, ye em'rald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
Break, ye intervening skies:
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of Paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Trumps angelic sound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme!

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the "Great Salvation!"
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
"Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, HOLY ONE!"

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays:
"JESUS—JESUS—JESUS!"
Sweetest sound in seraph's song!
Sweetest note on mortal tongue!
Sweetest carol ever sung!
Jesus—Jesus, flow along!

792 8s. C. WESLEY.

I LONG to behold Him array'd
With glory and light from above:
The King in his beauty display'd—
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word:
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fullness of rapture I find—
My heaven of heavens in thee.



...OSPECT OF HEAVEN.

...py the people that dwell
...n the city above!
...he inhabitants feel,
...ness or sorrow shall prove.
...l of souls, unto me
...ness and holiness give;
... from the body set free,
...en to the city receive.

S. M. MONTG.

...ther's house on high!
...e of my soul! how near,
..., to faith's foreseeing eye,
...lden gates appear!

...; morn and even,
...n and midnight hour,
...al harmonies of heaven
...le music pour.

...ny spirit faints
...h the land I love—
...ht inheritance of saints,
...rious home above.

7s. MONTG.

...are these in bright array,
...is exulting, happy throng,
...he altar night and day,
...ing one triumphant song?
...y is the Lamb, once slain,
...g, honor, glory, power,
..., riches, to obtain,
...ominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears.

795 C. M. WATTS.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high:
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'T is he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word:
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.



asant to believe thy grace,
e had rather see:
ld be absent from the flesh
resent, Lord, with thee.

XIX.—DEATH.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

et this feeble body fail,
d let it faint or die;
shall quit the mournful vale,
oar to worlds on high,
in the disembodied saints,
ind its long-sought rest,
ly bliss for which it pants,
e Redeemer's breast.

of that immortal crown,
the cross sustain,
idly wander up and down,
smile at toil and pain;
on my three-score years,
ay Deliverer come,
be away his servant's tears,
ake his exile home.

hich Jesus bought for me!
e my ravished eyes,
of life divine I see!
trees of Paradise!
world of spirits bright,
taste the pleasures there!
ll are robed in spotless white,
conquering palms they bear.

are all my sufferings here,
ord, thou count me meet
iat enraptured host t' appear,
worship at thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

797 S. M. WATTS.

AND must this body die?
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie moldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever, from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy power above.

6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues.



DEATH.

798 C. M. WATTS.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears, attend the cry:—
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Shall lie as low as ours.

3 Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

799 S. H. M. MONTS.

THIS place is holy ground;
World, with its cares away;
A holy, solemn stillness round
This lifeless, moldering clay;
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

2 Behold the bed of death—
The pale and mortal clay;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
No: life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

3 Why mourn the pious dead?
Why sorrows swell our eyes?
Can sighs recall the spirit fled?
Shall vain regrets arise?

Though death has caused this altered mien,
In heaven the ransomed soul is seen.

4 Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead; in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth his cross;
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image, to the skies.

800 S. M. CH. PSALMODY.

O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

801 C. M. WA

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'T was there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

C. P. M. or 4 8s. & 2 6s. C. WESLEY.

AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys or hellish pains,
To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch and tremble and prepare
Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone,
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

4 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

5 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
And whensoe'r I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

MACKAY.

L. M.

803

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.



DEATH.

Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venomed sting!

4. L. M. WATTS.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

5. P. M. POPE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:

Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirits, come away;"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

806 L. M. BARBAULD.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!



5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay—
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say—
How blest the righteous when he dies!

307 C. M. WATTS.

THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

308 C. M. WATTS.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

809 L. M. REVIVAL HYMN.

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd, should I be called to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate
And fix my everlasting state.

4 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.



310 8s. C. Wesley.

REJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from its bodily pain!
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above;
Escap'd to the mansions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Outflying the tempest and wind,
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind;
Still toss'd on a sea of distress;
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death;
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last.

[ ] 8s. C. Wesley.

HOSANNA to Jesus on high!
Another has enter'd his rest:
Another has 'scaped to the sky,
And lodged in Immanuel's breast;
The soul of our sister is gone,
To highten the triumph above;
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

2 How happy the angels that fall
Transported at Jesus's name;
The saints whom he soonest shall call,
To share in the feast of the Lamb!
No longer imprison'd in clay,
Who next from the dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summon'd away?
My merciful Lord—Is it I?

3 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart,
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper thy call in my heart;
O give me a signal to know
If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions above.

812 S. M. C. WESLEY

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom—
A curse, or blessing meet?

4 I must from God be driven—
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven—
Or else depart—to hell.

5 O thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;

6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

13 C. M. WATTS.

O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing—
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

14 7s. MONTG.

"SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath;
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death:"
Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 "Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe;
Welcome to a land of rest:"
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise;
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls—
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day."

815 12s. & 11s. HUMAN.

THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour has *died*.



.rt gone to the grave; and, its mansion
·saking,
.nce thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy
.aking,
.he sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's
song.

ou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
.nce God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
.nd death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

---

16 C. M. HEBER.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay:
And ere another day is gone
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower:
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night,
On manhood's middle day.

5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

6 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below
And warns thee of her dead!

7 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The forms which underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven!

DEATH OF CHILDREN. STENNETT.

C. M.

817 THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.



5 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout, with joys divine—
O Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

818 C. M. ANON.

AN early summons Jesus sends,
To call a child above,
Yet whispers to the weeping friends,
'T is all the fruit of love.

2 To save your darling child from woe,
And sin-alluring charms,
From all the griefs you feel below,
I take it to my arms.

3 Then do not rashly with me strive,
Nor vainly fast, nor weep;
The child, tho' dead, is still alive,
Its body does but sleep.

4 'T is where the pure in heart see God,
It feels no sorrow there,
'T is by a heavenly parent fed,
And needs no more your care.

5 I loaned it for a little space;
While mortal it was thine;
Then took it to my fond embrace;
It lives forever mine.

6 Now seek the Lord with all your heart,
And know your sins forgiven;
Then you shall meet, and never part,
With those you love in heaven.

819 C. M. O. S. Pss.

ALAS! how changed that lovely flower,
Which bloomed and cheered my heart:
Fair, fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part!

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love!
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For her who rests above!

3 No! let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
"The Lord is righteous still."

4 From adverse blasts, and lowering storms,
Her favored soul he bore;
And with yon bright, angelic forms,
She lives, to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast?
No more she'll visit me;
My soul will mount to her at last,
And there my child I'll see.

6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

820 C. M. Steele.

Death of Young Persons.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.



DEATH.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, impressed
With awful power, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the opening tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

O, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save:
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

1 C. M. O. S. Pams.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flow'r,
That e'en in blooming dies.

The once lov'd form, now cold and dead
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

Soon wait the interposing gloom,
And lo! stern winter flies;
And drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

5 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears;
Religion points on high:
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that can not die.

822 C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

Death of a faithful Minister.

FAR from affliction, toil and care,
The happy soul is fled;
The breathless clay shall slumber here,
Among the silent dead.

2 The Gospel was his joy and song,
E'en to his latest breath;
The truth he had proclaimed so long,
Was his support in death.

3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere;
His soul was ripened for that bliss
While yet he sojourned here.

4 The church's loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear;
Since we shall see his face no more,
Till Jesus shall appear.

5 But we are hasting to the tomb,
O may we ready stand;
Then, blessed Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand.



323 8s. & 7s. SICOURNEY.

PASTOR, thou art from us taken
In the glory of thy years,
As the oak, by tempests shaken,
Falls ere time its verdure sears.

2 Here, where oft thy lip hath taught us
Of the Lamb who died to save:
Where thy guiding hand hath brought us
To the deep, baptismal wave—

3 Pale and cold we see thee lying
In God's temple, once so dear,
And the mourners' bitter sighing
Falls unheeded on thine ear.

4 All thy love and zeal, to lead us
Where immortal fountains flow,
And on living bread to feed us,
In our fond remembrance glow.

5 May the conquering faith that cheered thee
When thy foot on Jordan pressed,
Guide our spirits while we leave thee
In the tomb that Jesus blessed.

324 S. M. MONTG.

"SERVANT of God, well done:
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

pains of death are past;
hor and sorrow cease:
, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

oldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ:
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

SUTTON.

8s. & 7s.

Interment of a pious young Female.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 't is God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

XX.—THE RESU

826 C. M.

HOW long shall De
And triumph o'
How long the blood o
Lie mingled with th

2 Lo! I behold the scat
The dawn of heave
The bright, immortal
Its blushes round t

3 I see the Lord of glor
And flaming guard
The skies divide to m
The trumpet shake

4 I hear the voice, "Ye
And, lo! the grave
And waking saints, wi
Salute th' expected

5 O, may our humble sp
Among them, cloth
The meanest place at
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and
When our returning
Shall bear us homewa
On love's triumphar

827 L. M.

SHALL man, O God of
For ever molder in t
Canst thou forget thy gl
Thy promise and thy

THE RESURRECTION.

1 In those dark, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears;
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake!
From the cold tomb the slumbers spring!
Through heaven, with joy, their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

Amen.

C. M.

828

MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes;
Ere long I know He shall appear,
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

2 Then, though the worms my flesh devour,
And make my form their prey,
I know I shall arise with power,
On the last judgment day:
When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him there mine eyes shall see;
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with Him be.



3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears,
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
Shall cease eternally.
How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
O hasten thy appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

829 L. M. WATTS.

UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

830 L. M. WATTS.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
To yonder throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

831 C. M. WHITE.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deep'ning gloom,
We, foll'wers of our suff'ring Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of earth may beat.

4 Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

832 L. M. WATTS.

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere—
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And sin and grief no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh will slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

833 L. M. HARROD'S COLL.

NO, I'll repine at death no more;
But, calm and cheerful, will resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust;
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning! through the skies,
And usher in that glorious day;
Come quickly, Lord! cut short the hours
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay.

4 Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.

XXI.—THE JUDGEMENT.

8s. 7s. & 4s. C. WESLEY.

834

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshipers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, Amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known:
Jah! Jehovah!
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

335 L. M. C. WESLEY.

HE comes! He comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound:
See the almighty Jesus crown'd:
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his great white throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

336 C. M. C. WESLEY.

AND must I be to judgment brought
And answer in that day,
For ev'ry vain and idle thought,
And ev'ry word I say?

2 Yes ev'ry secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead
The watchful pow'r bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God before
I at thy bar appear.

837 S. M. C. WESLEY

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown;
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down;
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
Ye dead the Judge is come;
Arise and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

98. C. P. M., or 4 8s, & 2 6s. C. Wesley.

HOW happy are the little flock
Who, safe beneath their guardian rock,
In all commotions rest:
When wars and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie—
They lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee,
Before the floods descend;
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, the dearth, the din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope,
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess—
The war proclaims thee Prince of peace,
The earthquake speaks thy power,
The famine all thy fullness brings,
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near:
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
Triumphant Lord, appear!

839 L. M. W. Scott.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—

2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

840 S. M. Doddridge.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?

3 "Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
Forsake! angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."



4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace.
Whose wrath ye can not bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross
And find salvation there.

341 C. M. WATTS.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word—Depart!

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

842 L. M. DAVIS.

HOW great, how terrible that God
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns, and earth's foundations shake,
And all the wheels of nature break.

2 Where now, oh where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown.
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down!

3 In vain for mercy now they cry!
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the flaming billows toss,
For ever, oh, for ever lost!

4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, though worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5 Jesus, the helpless sinner's Friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

843 8s. 7s. & 4. NEWTON

DAY of Judgment! day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!



2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know.

344 L. M. C. WESLEY.

THE great Archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,
Stand, as the rock of ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith, we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruined world look down:
By love, above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

845 8s. 7s. & 4. O. S. Pass.

SEE the eternal Judge descending,
View Him seated on his throne:
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom;
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting,
That he ne'er was born again:
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits the slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
O that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move;
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

Now, despisers, look and wonder:
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost for ever,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

16 L. M. HEBER.

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their center shake;
And withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in loneliness he came,
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

Can this be he, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the Crucified?

While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us!" mountains, on us fall!
The saints ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

17 7s. KELLY.

HARK! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes! and through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad, through sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice!
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See! the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly!
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you—
Rise to meet him in the sky.

4 Go, and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love!
Ever blessing, ever blest.

848 8s. 7s. & 4s. UPTON COLL

LO! he cometh—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great, exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear!
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies!



12s. MILMAN.

ıariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
ı Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
ing, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
heavens with the burden of Godhead are
wed.

ory! the glory! around him are poured
ıosts of the angels to wait on their Lord;
glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
re all who the palm-wreath of victory
ıar.

umpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
ard;
depths of the stone-covered charnel are
rred!
ı sea, from the land, from the south, from
e north,
ast generations of men are come forth.

dgment! the judgment! the thrones are
set,
ıe Lamb and the white-vested elders are
it.
flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
doom of eternity hangs on his word.

y! O mercy! look down from above,
ıator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
ıneath to their darkness the wicked are
ven,
ıanctified souls find a mansion in heaven

850 8s. 7s. & 4. C. WESLEY.

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here:
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

3 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry;
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh:
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

4 With what diff'rent exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me:
All discern him:
All with shouts cry out—'T is He!

5 Lo! 't is He! our hearts' Desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow:
Palms of vict'ry,
Crowns of glory, to bestow.



XXII.—SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

FAST DAY.

351 C. M. STEELE.

SEE, gracious Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'T is on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand,
Thy dreadful powers display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name?

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy redeeming grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

5 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear,
Secure of never-failing aid,
When God, our God is near.

352 C. M. HART.

LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.

2 O, may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne,
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's, and our own.

3 And should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod,
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

853 C. M. BRENTLY.

O SINNER, bring not tears alone
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee:
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

854 S. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, to thee we fly
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defense is nigh;
Our help is in the Lord.



Or if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know,
Shall be our soul's defense.

2 We thy word believe,
And on thy promise stay;
Our life, which still to thee we give,
Shall be to us a prey;
Our life with thee we hide
Above the furious blast,
And shelter'd in thy wounds abide
Till all the storms are past.

55 S. M. HARROD'S COLL.

GOD, to correct the world,
In wrath is slow to rise;
But comes at length, in thunder cloth'd,
And darkness vails the skies.

2 His banners, lifted high,
The nations' God declare,
And, stain'd with blood, with terrors mark
Spread wonder and despair.

3 All earthly pomp and pride
Are in his presence lost;
Empires o'erturned, thrones, scepters, crowns
In wild confusion lost.

4 While war and woe prevail,
And desolation wide;
In God, the sov'reign Lord of all,
The righteous souls confide.

He 'll curb the lawless pow'r,
The deadly wrath of man;
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.

6 The sons of tyranny
In ruin shall be hurled;
And light, and liberty, and bliss,
Embrace the new-born world.

856 C. M. HARROD'S COLL.

IN vain opposing nations rage,
If God with us abide:
One word of his dissolves their strength,
And humbles all their pride.

2 His wisdom sees correction meet,
He gives the dread command,
And war its desolation spreads
Through every trembling land.

3 His purpose wrought, again he speaks,
And desolations cease;
War's loud alarms are heard no more,
And all the world is peace.

4 Mortals, adore his sovereign power,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Through all your various tribes be still,
And know that he is God.

857 S. M. DRUMMOND.

"IS this a fast for me?"
Thus saith the Lord our God:
"A day for man to vex his soul,
And feel affliction's rod?

2 "No; is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose—
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose?



3 "To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal?

4 "Then, like the morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light;
Before you, righteousness shall shine,
Behind, my glory bright!"

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358 L. M. M. E. Cole.

GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallow'd ray;
Here thou our father's steps didst guide
In safety through their dang'rous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here,
Let all the people worship thee.

C. M.

859

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most!

2 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosp'rous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Here may religion shed her light
On days of rest and toil;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native soil.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend!

L. M. O. S. Penn.

860

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds above,
Thy glory, with unclouded rays,
Shines through the realms of light and lov
Inspiring angels with thy praise.

2 Thy power we own, thy grace adore!
Thou deign'st to visit man below;
And in affliction's darkest hour,
The humble shall his mercy know.

3 These western States at thy command,
Rose from dependence and distress;
Prosperity now crowns the land,
And millions join thy name to bless.



THANKSGIVING.

se is thy due, eternal King;
l speak the wonders of thy love;
ı grateful hearts our tribute bring,
emulate the hosts above.

thou still our guardian God;
erve these States from every foe;
ı party rage, from scenes of blood,
ı sin, and every cause of wo.

ı may the great Redeemer reign,
lay his grace, and saving power;
ı liberty and truth maintain,
empires fall to rise no more.

C. M. TATE & BRADY.

ORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
wonders in their day perform'd,
ıd in more ancient years.

as not their courage, or their sword.
› them salvation gave;
as not their number, or their strength,
ıat did their country save.

thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
hose succor they implored,
providence protected them.
ho thy great name adored.

hee their God our fathers own'd,
thou art still our King;
ierefore, as thou didst to them,
› us deliv'rance bring.

hee the glory we ascribe,
om whom salvation came;
od, our shield, we will rejoice,
ıd ever bless thy name.

L. M. PRES. COLL.

862

JOIN, every tongue, to praise the Lord,
All nature rests upon his word:
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.

2 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east—and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Beneath the verge of western hills.

3 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

4 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
In all the earth thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

C. M. EPIS. COLL.

863

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
The mild, refreshing dew.

3 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.



FREEDOM.

e own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
eed time nor harvest—night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

FREEDOM.

6s. & 4s. SMITH.

OUR fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

2 My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

3 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

4 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

8s. 7s. & 4. O. JOHNSON

EE, the light of truth is breaking
) Full and clear on every hand,
And the voice of mercy speaking,
Now is heard through all the land;
Firm and fearless
See the friends of freedom stand.

2 Lo, the nation is arousing
From its slumber, long and deep,
And the friends of God are waking,
Never, never more to sleep,
While a bondman
In his chains remains to weep.

3 Long, too long have we been dreaming
O'er our country's sin and shame;
Let us now, the time redeeming,
Press the helpless captive's claim
Till, exulting,
He shall cast aside his chain.

MILTON.

866 C. M.

DEFEND the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands,
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.

2 Regard the weak and fatherless,
Dispatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress,
By just and equal laws.

3 Rise, God! judge Thou the earth in might,
The oppressed land redress;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.



FREEDOM.

C. M. PLYMOUTH COLL.

re equal in their birth,
the earth and skies:
qual when that earth
their dying eyes.

e throngs who pay their vows
hat hands have made,
e worshiper who bows
e plantain shade.

isten to restore
rights of love;
wealth exult no more;
lowly move.

ounce your earth-born pride;
ir shame and fear;
orship, side by side;
arhood revere.

L. M. WHITTIER.

ather! just and true
by works and words and ways,
se alone are due
ing and eternal praise!

f Thy gracious care,
e'eye—we bend the knee—
words of praise and prayer,
God, we come to Thee.

it heard, O God of right!
e of the hapless slave;
l for him the arm of might,
ted that it could not save.

4 Speed on Thy work, Lord God of hosts!
And when the bondsman's chain is riven,
And swells from all our country's coasts,
The anthem of the free to heaven,

5 O, not to those whom Thou hast led,
As with Thy cloud and fire before,
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
Be praise and glory evermore.

MARINERS.

869 7s. C. WESLEY.

LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined:
Every anxious thought repress;
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

870 L. M. COWPER.

THE billows swell; the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.



2 O Lord, the
And guide
Defend me
Control the

3 Amidst the
My soul stil
Thy constan
Is all that s

4 Dangers of e
Attend the f
Who leave th
And leave it

5 Though temp
My Saviour
Let neither w
Force back m

Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,
And all the watery world upturn.

5 Roar on, ye waves; our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest:
In vain t' impair the calm ye try—
The calm in a believer's breast.

6 Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,
Thou sea, the servant of His will:
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise,
But fall, when he shall say—Be still.

872 12s. HEBER.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker—"Save, Lord, or we perish."

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair, from thy pillow:
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And, O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging
When sin in our hearts its sad warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer—"Save, Lord, or we perish."

873 L. M. WILLARD.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord! hast power to save.

2 I know Thou wilt not slight my call!
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death

4 In ocean caves still safe with Thee,
The germs of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

374 L. M. WATTS.

WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
With hardy mariners survey
The unknown regions of the sea.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind:
Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Bereaved of hope, to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
The grateful band their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.

5 O, may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord:
Let them their purest offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

L. M. WEITH.

WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

3 Once on the raging seas I rode:
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned and rudely blowed,
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore—
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

TEMPERANCE.

876 8s. & 7s. LUTH. COLL.

SON of sorrow! son of sorrow!
Whither bendest thou thy way?
What hath hope for thee to-morrow?
What enjoyment has to-day?

2 False excitement, madd'ning ever,
Fills thy fever-heated brain;
This will save from sorrow never,
Leaving death, remorse, and pain.

3 Son of sorrow! son of sorrow!
Come with me, O, come to-day;
Wait not—wait not till to-morrow,
Leave, O, leave delusion's way.

4 Where are now the babes thou lovedst,
Where the wife thou held so dear?
What has thine affection proved?
Son of madness, shed a tear!

5 I would conceal the gloomy picture—
Thou thyself must draw a sigh;
Son of madness, change, O, change thee,
Ere thy wife and children die!

6 Change thee ere thy doom is fixed,
Bringing everlasting gloom!
Flee, O, flee the drunkard's madness,
Flee from madness and the tomb!

377 C. M. LUTH. COLL.

INTEMP'RANCE, like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are trac'd on ev'ry hand.

2 It still flows on, and bears away
Ten thousands to their doom:
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb?

3 Almighty God! no hand but thine
Can check this flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of pow'r divine,
And bid the flood subside.

4 Dry up the source from whence it flows,
Destroy its fountain head;
That dire Intemp'rance and its woes
No more the earth o'er spread.

878 P. M. LUTH. COLL.

MID sorrows and sadness I'm destin'd to roam,
Forlorn and forsaken, deprived of my home.
Intemp'rance hath robb'd me of all that was dear,
Of my home in the skies, and my happiness here.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
An exile from God, I shall ne'er find a home.

2 I vainly presum'd, when I first took the cup,
I could drink, if I chose, or I could give it up;
But I tamper'd too long, too long tempted heav'n,
Till an outcast from God and his presence I'm driven.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
On earth or in heav'n I shall ne'er find a home.

3 My heart-broken wife in her grave hath found rest,
And my children have gone to the land of the blest;
While I, a poor wretch, a vile wand'rer like Cain,
With the "mark" of the beast on the earth still remain.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
How happy was I with my lov'd ones at home!

4 Farewell to the social endearments of home!
Justly loath'd by my fellows, I wander alone,
For presumptuously sinning and tempting the Lord,
Of the fruit of my ways I must reap the reward.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
An exile from God, I shall ne'er find a home.

379. C. M. LUTH. COLL.

ON this glad day, O God, we would,
Through thy beloved Son,
Acknowledge Thee for all the good
That temperance has done.

2 We thank Thee for the thousands sav'd
From soul-seducing drink,
Who by its pow'r were long enslav'd,
And cast on ruin's brink.

3 O let thy Holy Spirit dwell
Where vice too long has reign'd:
For where thy mercy breaks the spell
The victory is gain'd.

380 8s. 7s. & 4. LUTH. COLL.

COME, ye messengers of mercy,
Ye who gospel trumpets sound,
Aid us in this controversy,
Satan's kingdom to confound;
Come and join us:
So shall righteousness abound.

2 Come, ye men of lower classes,
Ye who labor hard and long;
Ye who think your single glasses
Make you happy, hale, and strong:
Come and join us;
Come, and prove us right or wrong.

3 For your country's reformation,
For your children's future weal,
For your own sure preservation—
To your conscience we appeal.
Come and join us;
Touch not, taste not, drink no more.

881 L. M. PLIM. COLL.

WE praise Thee, Lord! if but one soul,
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Turned shudd'ring from the pois'nous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.

2 We praise Thee—if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come,
Erect, and in his perfect mind.

3 No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end—
No more the trembling mind to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

4 Still give us grace, Almighty King!
Unwavering at our posts to stand;
Till grateful at thy shrine we bring,
The tribute of a ransomed land.

882 L. M. PLIM. COLL.

SLAVERY and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

2 Hosannas, Lord! to Thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!

3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;
The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphan clasps a Father found!



4 Spare, Lord! the thoughtless; guide the blind;
Till man no more shall deem it just.
To live, by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

883 8s. 7s. & 4. LUTH. COLL.

NOW, O Lord, in peace dismiss us,
May we all rejoicing go;
With thy favor richly bless us;
Whilst we sojourn here below,
And conduct us
Through this world of sin and wo.

2 Never in our zeal abating,
May we ever onward press:
Ways of vile intemp'rance hating,
Till we've cross'd this wilderness,
Then receive us
To a world of endless bliss.

3 May we all, by truth united,
Rally round the temp'rance cause,
Until ev'ry soul benighted,
Shall obey the Saviour's laws,
And, delighted,
Ever bear his hallow'd cross.

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884 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The op'ning year thy mercy shows:
Let mercy crown it, till it close.

2 By day, at night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise
Ador'd through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

885 P. M. C. WESLEY.

COME let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each, in the day of His coming, may say,
I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad
Well and faithfully done! [word.
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.



THE NEW YEAR.

886 7s. NEWTON.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 Spared to see another year,
Let Thy blessing meet us here;
Come, Thy dying work revive,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive:
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes;
Let our prayer Thy pity move,
Make this year a time of love.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless Thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with Thee above.

887 C. M. BROWNE.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I can not long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run—
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul: with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

888 C. M. C. WESLEY.

SING to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence has brought us through
Another varied year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
What'er we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love;
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To see thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee.

6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year
The jubilee of heaven.

389 H. M., or 4 6s. & 2 8s. C. V

THE Lord of earth and sky
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days—
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found:
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried—"Let it still alone:
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo! we see another year.

5 Then dig about the root;
Break up our fallow ground
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

890 4 6s. & 2 8s. C. WESLEY.

YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh."

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are;
Make ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend:
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a vail, his face!

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
Obedient to his love:
Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the sanctified!

5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers,
In glorious joy to live,
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found as Lord thou find'st us now!

SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETINGS.

91 L. M. MONTG.

FROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part,
The tongues of thousands uttering sweet
The bosom joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on, and year by year
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another spring, may strike
Some in our union, marked to fall;
Be young and old prepared alike,
The warning is to each, to all.

4 This sole occasion then is ours;
This day we ne'er again shall see;
Lord God awaken all our powers
To spend it for eternity.

5 Our times, our lives are in thy hand;
On thee for all things we rely;
Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.

6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew;
Send children, teachers in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son, from race to race.

892 S. M. MONTG

WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

3 May none who thus are taught
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

893 H. M., or 4 6s. & 2 8s. PRATT'S COLL.

COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise;



To God alone all praise belongs—
Our earliest and our latest songs.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:
To God alone all praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

3 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught;
To God alone your offerings bring;
Let young and old his praises sing.

4 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success!
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy sacred name here bless!
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee;
We'll praise to all eternity.

394 C. M. M

HOSANNA, be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King:
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

895 C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

5 Great God, impress this serious thought
To-day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May dwell among the blest.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL MEETINGS.

L. M. LUTH. COLL.

Congregation.

NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to thy praise:
Let music, sweet as incense, rise
With grateful odors to the skies.

Children.

Teach us to bow before thy face,
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace;
When lost in ignorance we lay,
Thy goodness snatch'd our souls away.

Congregation.

O what a num'rous race we see,
In ignorance and misery!
Shall they *continue* still to lie
In ignorance and misery?

Children.

Give, Lord, each lib'ral soul to prove
The joys of thine exhaustless love:
May we the sacred Scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow.

Congregation.

We feel a sympathizing heart;
Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart;
Hear thou our cry, and pitying see
O let these children live to thee.

S. M. LUTH. CHA

397

Sunday School.

Boys.

LORD, in the days of youth
May we in grace improve;
And learn the word of sacred truth,
The Saviour's dying love.

Girls.

2 Our moments haste away,
With ev'ry heaving breath;
And swiftly hastens on the day.
When we must sink in death.

Boys.

3 While some are never taught
The way of God with care;
We bless the Lord that we are brought
To this thy house of pray'r.

Girls.

4 Lord give us ears to hear,
And hearts to understand;
In trouble may we find thee near—
A Saviour close at hand!

Boys.

5 Through life's dark rugged road,
Thus far we're kept by thee:
May heav'n at last be our abode,
Thy glory there to see.



Girls.

lest be our God, who lives,
And reigns with boundless sway:
lichly our benefactor gives:
We'll praise him all the day.

Both.

Beyond the azure sky,
We'll praise thee more and more;
And in a long eternity,
A God in Christ adore.

7s. & 6s. PHILLIPS.

WE bring no glitt'ring treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine:
We come, with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine.
Children, thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our off'ring,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
O! teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;

Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
For ever praise thy Name.

MISSIONS.

899 7s. & 6s. Heber.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown—
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

0 L. M. C. WESLEY.

SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see;
To thee in their behalf we cry—
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.

Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey:
Why should they die, when thou hast died—
Hast died to bear thy sins away?

Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy suff'rings these;
O claim them for thy ransom'd one's!

1 C. M. LOGAN.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his courts we'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Sion's hill,
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

5 Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine:
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

902 7s. MONTE.

HARK! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the center to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furl'd;
Sheath'd his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.



3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:
Then the end—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

93 C. M. BURDEN.

JESUS, immortal King, arise:
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqu'ror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O may the great Redeemer's Name,
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

94 L. M. KELLEY'S COLL.

ARISE! arise! with joy survey
The glory of the latter day:

ady is the dawn begun,
)h marks at hand a rising sun!

2 'Behold the way!' ye heralds, cry:
Spare not—but lift your voices high:
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
'Glad tidings,' to the captive soul.

3 'Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell!
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own.'

4 The north gives up—the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

5 Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray
With joy we view—and hail the day:
Great Sun of Righteousness! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

905 7s. BROWNING.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends



man, will its beams alone,
. the spot that gave them birth?
ler, ages are its own;
se, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

16 S. M. GIBBONS.

THE nations of the earth,
Almighty Lord, are thine;
And in thy works, from nature's birth,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 Thy love hath also sent
Thy gospel to our race;
Unvailing thy divine intent
Of rich redeeming grace.

3 When shall these tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
And every tribe, and every soul
Receive the joyful sound?

4 When shall the wand'rers meet,
That now in darkness rove,
And, gather'd round Immanuel's feet,
Sing of his saving love?

5 O Lord, our efforts own,
To spread the gospel rays;
And rear, on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temples of thy praise.

907 7s. & 6s. MONTGOMERY.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for singing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall, peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is love.



908 C. M. C. WESLEY.

O THOU whom we adore,
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.
The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven.

2 Where all thy laws are spurn'd,
Thy holy name profaned,
And where the ruin'd world has mourn'd,
With blood of millions stain'd:
Reveal the glorious scene;
The heathen claim for thine;
And there the endless reign begin
With majesty divine.

3 A gracious Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
According to thy word,
Now be thy grace reveal'd;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be fill'd.

909 H. M., or 4 6s. & 2 8s. BURDEN.

RISE, Sun of glory, rise,
And chase the shades of night,
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide thy sacred light;
O, chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright, millennial day!

2 Now send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word;
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

3 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And all the earth become
The temple of thy grace;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise till time shall end.

910 8s. & 7s. URWICK'S COLL.

O THOU Sun of glorious splendor,
Shine with healing in thy wing;
Chase away these shades of darkness;
Holy light and comfort bring.

2 Let the heralds of Salvation
Round the world with joy proclaim,
"Death and hell are spoiled and vanquished
Through the great Immanuel's name."

3 Take thy power, almighty Saviour;
Claim the nations for thine own;
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes thy throne.

4 Then the earth, o'erspread with glory,
Decked with heavenly splendor bright;
Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling—
As at first, the Lord's delight.

911 10s. POPE.

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;



BENEVOLENCE.

See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But, fixed his word, his saving power remains,
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

BENEVOLENCE.

912 C. M. WATTS.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of danger and distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And gave him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

913 C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord,
Dost thou exalted shine,
What can our poverty bestow,
Since all the world is thine?

2 But thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.

3 In them may'st thou be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And, in their accents of distress,
The Saviour's voice be heard.

4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord, at thy feet we lay;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

914 L. M. RIPPON.

O WHAT stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of Heaven!
Rebels He deigns to call His sons—
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine—
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.



3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and sickness help apply.

4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life, his way.

5 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

915 L. M. GIBBONS.

TEACH us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

2 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank!

3 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God,

916 C. M. PEABODY.

WHO is thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 't is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbor? 't is the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave,
Go thou and ransom him.

5 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

917 L. M. ANON

HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfill.

2 He that hath pity on the poor,
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.

3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.

4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live:
Freely we have received from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.



5 And while we thus obey thy word,
And every call of want relieve,
O! may we find it, gracious Lord!
More blest to give than to receive.

918 L. M. ANON.

THOU God of hope! to thee we bow;
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless!

2 The poor are thy peculiar care,
To them thy promises are sure:
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
O may we always thus be poor!

3 May we thy law of love fulfill,
To bear each other's burdens here;
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

4 Thou God of hope! to thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless!

XXIII.—DISMISSIONS.

919 8s. 7s. & 4. BURDER.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

920 8s. 7s. & 4. ANON.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase;
Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach yon blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise:
Hallelujah!

921 8s. & 7s. NEWTON.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

922 L. M. PRATT'S COLL

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On ev'ry soul assembled here!

XXIV.—DOXOLOGIES.

1 L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessing
Praise him, all creatures here belo
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2 L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in or
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

3 L. M. DOUBLE.

WORTHY the Lamb of bound
In earth and heaven the Lo
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool f

2 Higher—still higher swell the s
Creation's voice the note prolo
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever re
Let hallelujahs crown the s

4 C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

5 C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

6 C. M. DOUBLE.

THOU art the first, and Thou the last;
Time centers all in Thee,
The Almighty God who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

2 To Thee let every tongue be praise
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

7 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

8 S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

9

S. M. Double.

WE bless the Father's name,
Who chose us in his love;
To God the Son, we give the same,
Our advocate above.

2 The Spirit, too, we bless,
And raise his honors high:
Who conquers by his sovereign grace,
And brings us strangers nigh.

10

L. P. M. or 6 8s.

NOW to the great and sacred Three
The Father, Son and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given—
Through all the worlds where God is known
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

11

C. P. M., or 4 8s. & 2 6s.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

12

H. M., or 4 6s. & 2 8s.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
And to the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy everlasting praise we sing.

13 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,
The eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

14 7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

15 7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

16 8s. & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth, and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given,
Glory through eternal days.

17 8s. & 7s.

PRAISE the God of all creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:



Praise the fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

18 8s. 7s. & 4s.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory,
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

19 7s. & 6s.

TO Thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings;
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

20 6s. & 4s.

TO God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One—
All praise be given:
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth—in heaven.

21 10s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be address'd;

From age to age, ye saints, his N
And spread his fame, till time shal

22 11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be a
With Christ and the Spirit, one G
All glory and worship from earth, and
As was, and is now, and shall ever be

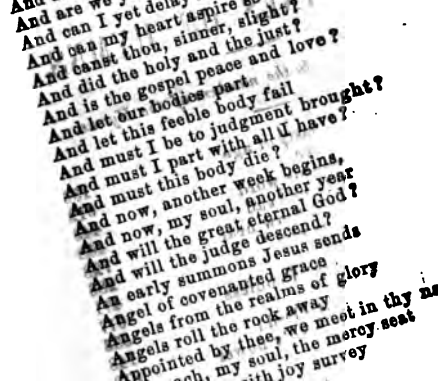
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2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

AMEN.

8s. 7s. & 4.

920 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase;
Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach yon blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise:
Hallelujah!

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And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above:
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With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
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2 And may the holy Three in One,
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XXIV.—DOXOLOGIES.

1 L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2 L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

3 L. M. DOUBLE.

WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway—
In earth and heaven the Lord of all!
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

2 Higher—still higher swell the strain;
Creation's voice the note prolong,
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign:
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

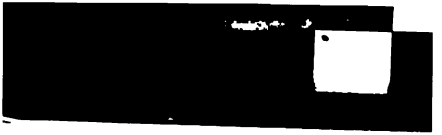
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